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NOTES.

FROM time to time during the past three months we have drawn our readers' attention to the fact that in Cape Colony the tide of feeling in favour of Mr. Rhodes is steadily rising. As soon as the Cape Assembly met it became evident that, though his responsibility for the raid was generally assumed, even the representatives of the Cape Dutch had no desire to punish him; they refused even to demand the abrogation of the Charter. And now Mr. Schreiner, who is Mr. Rhodes's colleague in the representation of Barkly West, and who has all along acted as Mr. Rhodes's spokesman, has secured another and still more decisive victory. On Tuesday last he moved that leave of absence for the Session be granted to Mr. Rhodes. Without such leave Mr. Rhodes's seat would be forfeited, and Mr. Schreiner set forth that this could not be the wish of the Assembly, as every one must sympathize with the work in which Mr. Rhodes was engaged, the combating of barbarism.

Mr. Schreiner added that he had no wish to anticipate the verdict of the Committee of Inquiry, nor to whitewash Mr. Rhodes; but the Assembly was bolder than the Attorney-General in Mr. Rhodes's Cabinet. Mr. Marais moved the adjournment of the debate in order to await the report of the Committee of Inquiry, but this was negatived by 49 votes to 19. The original motion was then carried by 52 votes to 12; and the majority was composed not only of Ministers and their following, but included Mr. Innes, the leader of the Opposition, and his supporters. Even in the Cape Assembly it appears Mr. Rhodes can reckon on the votes of two-thirds of the Dutch representatives. As we pointed out last week, when anticipating some such action on the part of the Cape Assembly as has now taken place, Mr. Chamberlain's Commission will find it impossible to be more vindictive than Kruger's kinsmen in the Cape. Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit will be punished by having to pay the indemnity required by the Transvaal Government; and Mr. Rhodes has besides undertaken to compensate the suffering in Charterland. Herewith public sentiment, as well in England as in Cape Colony, will be satisfied—if not justice.

The "Daily News" has had an interview with Mr. Solly Joel, the Johannesburg partner of Messrs. Barnato, and till lately one of Kruger's prisoners. Mr. Joel's opinion on every subject touched on is the same as that given in these columns. He asserts that "the members of the Johannesburg Reform Committee laid down their arms under a promise from Sir Jacobus de Wet that no member of the Committee would be injured, and that no one would suffer the loss of a single day's liberty." In his letter to us Sir Jacobus de Wet asserted that he made no such promise, but that in his *private capacity* he had given expression to this opinion, which,

he contends, has been fairly justified by the event. It will be remembered that our comment upon this explanation was that Her Majesty's representative had no right to give utterance to his private opinion upon such an occasion.

Mr. Joel's description of the prison in Pretoria bears out our contention that it was totally unfitted to accommodate so large a number of prisoners. He describes it as "abominable," and continues: "Thirty-five of us were confined in one galvanized iron shed, so small that there was no room in it for a mattress apiece. Three had to lie on two mattresses, and we had to hang our clothes on the beams above our heads. The hut was only about seven feet high, there were no windows, a few holes were cut in the metal for ventilation, and only a sheet of iron separated us from the Kaffir prisoners' quarter. We laid head to head with the Kaffirs, and I cannot well describe what unpleasantness such proximity to the natives entails. We were shut in that horrible den at half-past five every night, and kept there till a quarter to six in the morning, at first; though afterwards we petitioned the gaoler, and he allowed our door to remain open till, I think, half-past eight at night. During daytime we could go in the prison yard. You may tell the size of our cell, when I say that, in place of the proper allowance of 850 cubic feet of air space each, we had only 150." The sanitary regulations, it seems, cannot even be described.

The food, too, Mr. Joel assures us, was "uneatable"; and it must be confessed that mealie porridge (Indian corn) and lumps of rock salt do not sound appetizing. Mr. Joel, however, admits that the prisoners "contrived to get in some extras, such as tea and other luxuries." He lays stress upon the unbearable suspense of an imprisonment whose duration no one could determine. He goes on: "On the day we were released, we did not know what was coming even a few minutes before. I noticed my companions as we came out, and the confinement had told very severely indeed on some of them." For President Kruger himself Mr. Joel expresses "the greatest admiration," and declares that "if he had a free hand, reforms would be far more plentiful." Altogether, a fairer and more magnanimous view than Mr. Joel's it would be impossible to find.

Last week's debates in the House of Commons have certainly not improved the position of the Unionist Government. Even their most stalwart supporters are beginning to show that spirit of insubordination which precedes revolt. Colonel Saunderson himself is the latest of the malcontents. Speaking on Wednesday night, he urged the Government to come to a decision on the Irish Land Bill. "The time is short," he was saying, "the end of the Session is certain." "No, no,"

came from the Treasury Bench—we think from Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. "Oh, I thought it was certain," said the Colonel; and then, after a pause, "Is there anything certain in the minds of the Government?" And the laughter set up by the Opposition quickly spread to the Ministerial benches.

When the cat's away the mice begin to play. Mr. Arthur Balfour being in bed with a feverish cold, the mice began to romp around his brother, Mr. Gerald Balfour, and the Irish Land Bill. But they reckoned without Mr. Chamberlain, who pounced upon them and gobbled them up with a gusto and spirit that delighted and surprised the now thoroughly disheartened Tory party.

When Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Dillon sat down after moving the adjournment of the House on Wednesday, the unhappy Ministerialists felt that a very strong case had been made out. Poor Mr. Gerald Balfour knew nothing, had heard nothing, could say nothing. He was only conscious that he had withdrawn his own amendments, which he had promised Mr. Carson and Colonel Saunderson to carry, that Mr. T. W. Russell was a very tiresome person, and that he, the Chief Secretary, was cutting a very sorry figure. Sir William Harcourt would have been more than human if he had failed to take advantage of this pitiful spectacle of indecision and incompetence. The vigorous speeches of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Dillon were accompanied by murmurs of "too true" from the Unionist benches.

There had been some speculation as to who would lead the House of Commons in Mr. Arthur Balfour's absence, and according to etiquette it should have been the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Chamberlain has set that question at rest for ever: after his Wednesday's speech no one but Mr. Balfour can ever take precedence of the Colonial Secretary. Mr. Chamberlain transformed the debate, and defended a desperate position with a spirit, a dignity, and an ability that produced a profound impression, and may result in the most important changes. It wasn't so much what he said, for things were so bad that little could be said: it was the way he said it, his parliamentary courage and cool defiance, that impressed the party behind him.

The Irish Land Bill, said Mr. Chamberlain, can only be carried as a non-contentious measure; the Government never introduced it with any other idea. The Irish members might take it or leave it as they pleased, within the next four days. They had no intention of allowing Irish measures to monopolize the time of Parliament; the pre-dominant partner claimed his fair portion. It is long since a Minister has talked so "straight" to the Irish members, and the Unionists were delighted. If amendments had been withdrawn, continued Mr. Chamberlain, the Bill had now been restored to its original shape, in which it satisfied Mr. T. W. Russell. At this point Mr. Russell interrupted with a flat contradiction that it had done nothing of the kind. This was an unmannerly impertinence on the part of Mr. T. W. Russell; after which he hastily left the House, as was generally supposed, to write out his resignation.

Analysed in cold blood, Mr. Chamberlain's speech does not improve the situation a bit; indeed, it makes it worse, for the door is now shut on subsequent compromise. If the Irish Land Bill is not through Committee by next Thursday, it will be withdrawn. So says Mr. Chamberlain. Now, if there is one thing in this chaos of mismanagement that is perfectly clear, it is that the Irish Land Bill cannot be treated as non-controversial, and will not therefore get through Committee in four sittings. Mr. Carson vouches for that on behalf of the landlords, and Mr. John Morley makes the same undertaking on behalf of the Radicals. With very proper spirit, Mr. Carson declared that, whether the Bill took four or ten days, he would be no party to its passing without due discussion, as it left the Irish Land question in a worse condition than ever. Colonel Saunderson and Mr. Carson intend to replace

upon the paper all the amendments withdrawn by Mr. Gerald Balfour. In these circumstances the Government should withdraw the Bill at once. They are about to repeat the mistake they made over the Education Bill. They will waste a week at the end of July in discussing one or two clauses, and finally they will drop the Bill.

It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that the dissolution of the House is now six months nearer than it was six months ago. The disorganized state of the Conservative Party is far more due to the temper not unnaturally aroused by the tactical mistakes of the leaders than to any real differences with regard to principle. And a long holiday has a soothing effect upon angry spirits. Colonel Saunderson may speak and vote against his party just now; but when the House reassembles after the vacation he will be in a very different mood. Of course a new Education Bill and a new Irish Land Bill will be brought in; and if only Ministers will take the trifling precaution of previously consulting with those whom the Bills are intended to satisfy, or at least to pacify, all may go well. If, however, they do not take that trouble, and if blind leaders of the clear-sighted like Mr. Gerald Balfour are allowed to guide the parties into such a bog as they are in at present—well then, there will be friction, tempers will begin to get hot, disagreeable things will be said, and majorities will be reduced. Then another blessed vacation will arrive; members will go away holiday-making, and they will come back refreshed and quite prepared to be put through the same process again.

Mr. H. Lewis, member for the Flint Boroughs, proposed in Committee on the Finance Bill an amendment to the effect that the Income-tax on incomes under £500 a year should be 4d., on incomes between £500 and £750 6d., and on incomes between £750 and £1,000 8d., while any deficiency that might accrue was to be made up by putting a higher rate on incomes over £1,000 a year. No one, of course, expects that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to recast his Budget at the eleventh hour on the motion of a private member. But it is well that this subject of a graduated Income-tax should be discussed, as it is one with which a very large number of people feel a great deal of sympathy. The Income-tax was originally imposed as a war tax. But in a time of profound peace it stands at 8d., and the tendency of modern Governments is to throw all the fresh burdens, which are increasing year by year at an alarming rate, on to this particular class of taxpayers. If we refuse to adopt indirect taxation we shall have to come to a graduated Income-tax.

And why not? If there is any meaning in the phrase "taxable capacity," it is obviously a just arrangement. £16 is a much larger slice out of an income of £500 than £160 out of an income of £5,000, or £320 out of an income of £10,000. When an income reaches a certain figure, its owner derives no personal pleasure from its expenditure, and consequently no pain from its diminution. But whenever the subject of a graduated Income-tax is mentioned, Chancellors of the Exchequer assume an air of profound mystery, and vaguely assure a plutocratic House of Commons that the thing cannot be done. But will somebody have the goodness to explain to us, in a few words, why the thing cannot be done? As a matter of fact, the Death-duties are graduated now, and so is the Income-tax, for on incomes between £160 and £400 a rebate of £160 is allowed, and on incomes between £400 and £500 a rebate of £100 is allowed. Why cannot this principle of rebate be carried right up to £10,000, and over?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer told Mr. Lewis that any such change would lead to evasion in respect of the larger incomes. "It would be very difficult to ascertain all the sources of a very wealthy man's income," he said, "and the result would be that a man whose money was all in one investment would pay on a higher scale than a man with the same income derived from many investments." Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is a country gentleman, but as Chancellor of the Exchequer

he ought to know something about money, and he must forgive us for saying that such language is really childish. With the exception of rents from land and houses, nearly all income is derived from Governments and companies. There is not a coupon paid by a bank, and not a dividend paid by the secretary of a company, from which Income-tax is not previously deducted, under heavy legal penalties for neglecting to do so. So strictly is this system carried out that investors in Rupee-paper or Italians have two Income-taxes deducted, the English Income-tax and the Indian or Italian Income-tax. What does Sir Michael Hicks-Beach suppose the Income-tax surveyors do but follow people's income about from one place to another? Some evasion there will always be, but very wealthy men are too conspicuous and too closely watched to render any considerable amount of evasion possible. If necessary, the penalties might be increased. Are the wealthy so dishonest as all this?

Another old landmark is about to disappear. Boodle's is one of the historical clubs of London, a connecting link with the days of "dandies" and fox-hunting squires. More than half a century ago Praed wrote:

"In Parliament I fill my seat
Along with other noodles;
In Jermyn Street I lay my head,
And sip my hock at Boodle's."

Mrs. Gainer, the proprietress of Boodle's, died last week, and as there is now no one to carry on the club, it must come to an end, unless the members acquire the property. But there are only some five hundred members, and this number would have to be doubled in order to run it as a members' club. But then Boodle's would lose its distinctive charm, which lies in the fact that in its lofty, old-fashioned rooms one is really at home. It is the only club in London where one is unelbowed by a crowd, and where one is never asked to pay for anything. A member's house-account is sent to him only when he asks for it. Some enterprising gentleman like Mr. Algernon Bourke may possibly reorganize the club upon the lines of White's, but it will be the old Boodle's no more. Electric light and cash payment will supersede wax candles and the convenient "slate."

The position in which the marriage with a deceased wife's sister now stands is a curious illustration of the omnipotence of Government and the practical helplessness of the Legislature. The Bill for legalizing these marriages has now passed the House of Lords, and it has over and over again been passed by the House of Commons. Yet the measure has no chance of being passed into law this Session, and it may be many years before it is placed on the Statute-book. The Bill can only become law by being taken up as a Government measure, and with the predominance of clerical influence in the present Cabinet it is not likely that it will be put in a Ministerial programme during the life of this Parliament. There are still people who cling to the old-fashioned doctrine that the Legislature makes the laws and the Government executes them. The truth is that, in these days, the Legislature is powerless in the matter of legislation, and that the Cabinet is both the Executive and the Legislative body. Practice and theory are more widely divergent in the British Constitution than in any other.

There is some difficulty in finding a successor to Sir Peter Edlin as Chairman of London Sessions. The difficulty does not arise from the legal qualifications necessary for the post, but from the hard work entailed. A great deal of nonsense is being written and talked about getting a first-rate lawyer. As a matter of fact, some of the most successful chairmen of Quarter Sessions have been, and are, laymen. The late Sir William Hardman was for years an admirable chairman of Surrey Sessions, and he was not a lawyer. The amount of law requisite for presiding at Quarter Sessions is obviously very little, or so many country gentlemen could not do the work so well. There is no difference between the work at any country Quarter Sessions and that at the London Sessions, except the volume and publicity of the latter.

On Tuesday next it is understood that the County Council will petition the Home Secretary to appoint as Chairman of London Sessions a barrister of not less than ten years' standing, who will be paid out of the rates a salary of £2,000 a year; and they will also petition for the appointment of a deputy-chairman, with a salary of £1,500. It is said that pensions will be attached to the posts, which will make the occupants independent of the County Council. It is well known that there is ample work for a chairman and two deputies. A chairman and one deputy will have to sit pretty nearly the whole year round, for between Newington and Clerkenwell the Sessions are practically continuous.

An Austrian marriage is politically the best that the Orleanist pretender could make. Although the French were bitterly disappointed in their expectations that Austria would hasten to their support in 1870, or at least be sufficiently eager to avenge Sadowa to come to their rescue in 1871, their chagrin has never grown into ill-feeling. Even when France stood alone in Europe against the Triple Alliance, the French always seemed able to remember that Austria's necessities forced her to play this hostile part, and to forgive her for it. Paris could hate Berlin, and loathe and despise Rome, but it preserved, in spite of itself, an amiable feeling for Vienna. Hence, if the kaleidoscope of French politics ever brings the Orleanist combination uppermost, "Philippe VII." will find it no disadvantage to have an Austrian wife. The Archduchess Marie Dorothea, of whom kindly words are spoken by every one, may, however, recall with an occasional misgiving that the last Hapsburg princess who sat upon a French throne was Marie Antoinette.

There is to be still another National Convention at St. Louis before the American Presidential campaign can be described as formally opened. This is the gathering of Populists next Wednesday; but as they have already enjoyed a practical triumph inside the Democratic party at Chicago, it is taken for granted that they will merely adopt Mr. Bryan as their candidate, and dissolve their separate organization. It is still too early to decide whether the Democrats' choice of this "boy-orator" as their candidate was an inspiration or a piece of folly. He is coming forthwith to New York, and will begin there a speech-making tour of the East. There is a dramatic value in this idea of waging the war from the outset on the enemy's territory, and it will not be strange if a month or six weeks hence the Silver champion seems to be carrying everything before him. But the decisive date is 3 November, and that is still a long way off. In 1880, for example, when the combined Democrats and Greenbackers carried the State of Maine in the first week of September, it was regarded as practically assuring the success of General Hancock in the impending Presidential fight. But by the time November came round, the situation had changed so completely that General Garfield's victory had been for weeks a foregone conclusion.

The chief point of interest in the annual Bankruptcy returns published this week is that, while there is a gradual diminution in the numbers and liabilities of bankrupts in general, in two categories they have increased. That farmers should have failed to the extent of three-quarters of a million is only what might be expected in the present collapse of wheat-growing as a business—indeed, we fear that the number of official bankruptcies is small in proportion to the number of farmers who have gone under and disappeared without that formality—but some surprise is expressed at the number of solicitors who figure in Mr. Smith's list, and the amount of their liabilities. The truth is that, although they have stood out longer than the barristers, the solicitors have been very hard hit by the decline in quantity and quality of legal business, and a great many of them have become little more than financial agents, with the natural consequence that a certain proportion have yielded to the temptation of speculating with their clients' money. The proportion is a small one, let us hope; but it is not pleasant to read of the £673,000 that has been lost in this way since last year.

THE OPPORTUNITY MISSED.

WHEN, some eight or nine months ago, we predicted that the present Session would be Mr. Gerald Balfour's Opportunity, we expressly disclaimed any desire for heroic or epoch-making achievements; but we ventured to point out that, as regards Irish Land and Irish Education, he had before him an opportunity such as had been offered to no Chief Secretary in this generation, and that, if he had the courage and the discernment to take advantage of it, he might make for himself a reputation in an office which had come to be known as the grave of reputations. The opportunity is gone and the chance of a reputation with it. About the general work of the Government we have on other occasions said what there was to say. As for their Irish programme, Mr. Gerald Balfour himself would, we fancy, be the first to admit that it has been unredeemed by a single gleam of success. Most people have forgotten that it began with an Education Bill, for it was almost still-born. A measure whose only justification would have been that it satisfied the Catholic Hierarchy was promptly and unanimously condemned by the assembled archbishops and bishops, and has been dropped without hope of revival. Now, we admit that it is in itself no disgrace to have failed to settle the Irish Education question. Many a Chief Secretary before Mr. Gerald Balfour has stuck at that *pons asinorum* of Irish statesmanship. But he who in the light of past experience weakly opens up such a hornet's nest without having taken ordinary precautions to find out whether the solution he proposes will be acceptable to any one of the parties and groups interested is without excuse.

The second matter in which we suggested that Mr. Balfour had his opportunity was Irish Land. Like the Education question, it was not at the time burning or urgent. So much the better. A few hot-headed Irish partisans on either side might cry out, but the Government majority was an English majority, and would accept and pass any measure that the Chief Secretary laid before it, and declared to be the mature and deliberate decision of the Government. The Bill was produced and was well received. The Irish tenants said they wanted more and the Irish landlords said they wanted less. They always talk like that in Ireland. Owing to early mismanagement, it soon became clear that it would be impossible to pass both the English Education Bill and the Irish Land Bill. But that was not Mr. Gerald Balfour's fault, and when the Education Bill went on the rocks, the Irish Bill had its chance. Then came the moment when, as we had said, the Chief Secretary might have made his mark if he had been "prepared to do one or two courageous things at the cost of some temporary abuse from his own side." Alas for our hopes! The first squeeze came from the side of the Irish landlords, and the result was a series of Government amendments intended to make the Bill more palatable to that section. Then Mr. T. W. Russell sent in his claim on behalf of the tenants, and the Bill was squeezed back into something like its original shape. Then both sides cried out simultaneously, and the English Unionists, profoundly uninterested in the whole controversy, lost all confidence alike in Mr. Balfour and in his Bill. As a result, more time wasted, and another Government Bill as good as lost.

It will be noticed that we have been careful not to go into the merits of the controversy on either side. The Irish landlords may be right in the attitude they have assumed, or Mr. T. W. Russell may be right. What is certain is that Mr. Gerald Balfour cannot be right. His only possible course as a statesman was to make up his mind, on adequate information, as to the course which he would advise the Government to adopt, and to hold that course right through to the end. But on Irish Land, as on Irish Education and on English Education, it would seem as if the Government were stricken with a palsy. They unsay to-day what they said yesterday; they do to-day what they have to undo to-morrow. There was no absolute need to touch the Irish Land question any more than there was absolute need to touch the Irish Education question. Rents are being fixed every day in Ireland for a second judicial

term of fifteen years, without any new Act at all, and nobody seems much the worse. It was desirable, of course, to pass a good Bill. On certain points further definitions were necessary; fifteen years' working of the Act of 1881 had shown defects in machinery for which there might be a remedy. But these were things to ascertain and come to a decision about before bringing in a Bill, not after. What has happened is that alike on Education and Land a certain scheme has been adopted in an offhand manner as "good enough." This interest or that complains of injustice, and the answer is "Certainly; we will alter that to suit you." Then comes the original claimant, and demands that the scheme shall be altered back again; and then comes chaos. With a government of amateurs this might happen once and be overlooked; but to allow it to happen twice and thrice in a single Session is imbecility.

On the whole, we think it is not unfortunate that the Government has had all its blunders at the outset. The Session is gone past repair, but many a government ere now has made a mess of its first Session, and has yet done good work before its six years were out. Whether Mr. Gerald Balfour can be saved is another question. With unexampled opportunities he has so far missed every point in the game. It is not every Chief Secretary who can count on an uncle at the head of the Government, and a brother as leader of the Commons. Yet even the feeblest of Mr. Gladstone's many failures, liable as they were at any moment to be thrown over by their impressionable chief, appears strong beside the present head of the Irish Office. If he learns the lesson, he may yet survive to do good work; if not, he will only be remembered as the Chief Secretary who had so great an opportunity, and who so utterly missed it.

INDISCRIMINATE CHARITY.

SCOTCH rating is as esoteric a subject as Scotch theology. The difference between the United Presbyterians, the Free and the Established Kirks, is a subject where angels (unless they be Scots) fear to tread, and none but fools would rush into the difference between rural rating in the Stewartry and the Land-tax in the borough of Dumfries. We have no intention of tiring our readers or puzzling our own brains by trying to lift the veil on these mysteries. But the Solicitor-General, Sir Robert Finlay, though a Scotch borough member, is an English barrister; and out of deference, possibly, to the House of Commons, he has condescended to give us a concise and lucid description of the objects and effect of the Scotch Rating Bill, whose chariot-wheels are now driving heavily through the sands of Committee. We all know about the English Rating Bill and how it is intended as a relief to distressed agriculture; and we confess we thought the Scotch Rating Bill was merely the North British counterpart of that measure. We were mistaken, however; for the aims of the Government are stretched like an elastic band to reach "the Highlands and Islands" of Scotland. According to Sir Robert Finlay, the objects of the Scotch Rating Bill are three—"to give some relief to the agricultural interest; in the second place, it proposed to set aside a sum for providing a fund for the relief of the congested districts in the Highlands of Scotland; and, in the third place, it proposed to put an end to the Land-tax in the Scotch burghs." This is certainly a considerable, and tolerably impudent, expansion of the scope and aim of Mr. Chaplin's Bill. Abolition of the Land-tax, aid to congested districts, and relief to agriculture—what is this but what Sir William Harcourt called "indiscriminate charity," of which, as that statesman said, the larger portion always goes to the "sturdy beggars"?

With regard to agricultural distress, it has to be observed that the Scotch Radical members, representing the majority of the Scotch people, be it remembered, stoutly deny that there is any exceptional distress among the Scotch farmers. Sir George Trevelyan and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman scorn the proffered boon; nay, they swear that they will offer to the Bill "protracted and uncompromising opposition." And, indeed, it is matter of common knowledge, within the ken of those who are not agricultural experts, that the Scotch farmers have weathered the storm of low prices

a great deal more successfully than their English brethren. The Scotch farmer and his family work harder on the farm; he himself spends a great deal less than the English tenant, and his labourers are far more industrious and thrifty than the same class south of the Tweed. The Scotch farmer is destitute of social ambition; he does not want to ride to hounds, or to drink claret, or to bring his daughter up as a fine young lady. So highly is the Scotch farmer appreciated that several Scotch tenants have been induced to try their hand at cultivating some of the worst lands in Essex, and we hear that the experiment has been tolerably successful. As for Scotch ploughmen and farm labourers, they are at a premium in Oxfordshire and Berkshire. From all these causes Scotch farming has been, compared with English, a fairly prosperous business; and we are inclined to believe Sir George Trevelyan and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman when they say that there is no exceptional distress in Scotch agriculture.

Well, but if Scotch agriculture is not specially distressed, and if the representatives of the Scotch majority say they don't want the money, and threaten the Rating Bill with "protracted and uncompromising opposition," why, in Heaven's name, thrust the measure down their throats? Why waste the time of Parliament and our hard-earned sovereigns on people who say they don't want, and won't have, our money? Surely it is carrying symmetry a little too far to persist in forcing a measure upon Scotland simply because a similar measure has been passed for England. We will not discuss the abolition of the Land-tax in burghs—first, because the sum is trifling; and, secondly, because we do not understand the subject. But it is obvious that, so far as principle is concerned, this is a reform in local taxation which is being rushed through without notice. It is also evident from the speech of Sir Robert Reid that some of the residents in burghs have redeemed their Land-tax, and not unnaturally regret bitterly what would otherwise have been a measure of prudence on their part. As for the congested districts in the Highlands, this is a totally different matter, opening up a new vista of argument. The congested districts in the Highlands may or may not want relief. No evidence has been submitted to Parliament that they want it now more than at any other time. Why should the taxpayers of the United Kingdom suddenly be called upon to provide doles for the Crofters and their recklessly large families? This part of the Bill smacks of the worst precedents of Irish legislation.

Mr. Robert Wallace discussed the Bill with his usual directness of mind and cynical humour. "The people of the Canongate of Edinburgh took a direct view of the subject, and, so far as he understood them, their first blush of the matter was pleasant." They were to get £215,000—that was pleasant. To be sure, the Canongate was as congested as the Highlands; they were not certain about the remission of the Land-tax, and they humbly admitted that the incidence of taxation between realty and personalty was a subject so complicated that they left it to the Government inquiry. But they were to get the money, and that was enough for them. This is candid and sensible, from the Canongate point of view; but it is a rather caustic condemnation of "indiscriminate charity."

THE CONCERT OF EUROPE AGAIN.

THE Concert of Europe is always very effective and prompt—when it is a question of thwarting England. There is a suggestion of melancholy in the detail with which Lord Salisbury explains the situation to the Secretary of the Cretan Distress Fund. It is not enough to say in a general way that the other Powers objected; he recites the whole list—"Germany, Russia, France, Austria, and Italy"—and we may assume that the arrangement of the names is not accidental. Now, as a year ago, it is Germany which takes the lead in forming combinations to secure that England shall do none of the things which she seems to desire to do.

In the present instance, it is just as well that the Powers should intervene with their objections. Have the English subscribers to this Cretan Distress Fund ever

taken the trouble to think what it is that they are doing? Crete is a part of the Sultan's dominions, and, as Turkish rule goes, it is by no means the worst governed part. For the past four months there have been sedulous efforts on the part of Levantine agitators to raise an insurrection in the island, and these have been attended with considerable success. Numerous detachments of Turkish troops have been ambushed and badly cut up in the mountainous districts, and several Turkish garrisons are even now beleaguered, and threatened with either starvation or massacre by armed forces of Cretan mutineers. According to the interested reports from Athens, the Turks have in turn wrought all sorts of terrible outrages upon the Christian population, but the "Times" Correspondent, who is on the spot, gives the lie direct to these tales, and though a "Times" Correspondent is never the most trustworthy of witnesses, in the present case he is apparently supported by the British naval officers who are also there. Meanwhile, Cretan waters swarm with small Greek trading and fishing vessels conveying arms and fighting material to the insurgents, and the Turkish men-of-war are doing their best to intercept these, and to guard the coast. Most of the European Powers have war vessels off Canea, stationed there to exert a restraining influence upon the Turk, and see that he does not deal too roughly with the rebels.

This is the situation as it stands. That there is much disorder on the island is indubitable. That there is a good deal of social displacement and inconvenience may be taken for granted. But the Cretan has always lived in a state of civil war, or of preparation for it. It is what he likes and is used to. It is no hardship for him and his family to abandon the huts of the village on the coast and take to the mountains. A little maize and a pocketful of onions represent the diet which suffices him in normal times, and this he can get in one place as readily as in another. He and his fellow "refugees" no more need relief than do the mountain goats whose retreats they are, by their own volition, sharing. Here in England, however, there is a large class of sentimentalists who are never happy unless they are minding somebody else's business, and most of all they love to express this meddlesome passion in the form of relief funds. That they should raise £50,000 for the succour of Armenians, who happen to be the richest people in their part of the world, was under the circumstances more or less excusable. But a subscription to "relieve" the Cretans who have taken up arms against their rulers cannot by any stretch of imagination be explained on humanitarian grounds. It is either pure foolishness or partisan meddlesomeness—unless, indeed, it may be described as something of both. At all events, the Powers were entirely justified in objecting to the progress through the island of an expedition, under the auspices of Her Majesty's Consul and the senior officer of the British squadron, the effect of which must inevitably be to increase the confidence and resources of the revolted Cretans.

The fact that this nonsensical project secured the approbation of our Foreign Office, and was apparently forced upon the Turkish authorities by our diplomatic representatives, will not diminish the uneasiness with which sensible Englishmen regard the international situation. To all intents and purposes the objection of the five Powers is a public rebuff to England, and is so understood and welcomed wherever we have enemies in Europe. If it was deemed essential to show courtesy to the Duke of Westminster and his associates in the Cretan Relief Fund enterprise, at least private inquiries might have been made, and the sentiments of the Powers ascertained, before any definite steps were taken. Instead, we compel the Sultan to give his assent, and we issue orders to Her Majesty's Consul to go ahead, and then have to submit to the veto of the other five Powers. This is quite in a line with what we have been doing since the Armenian horrors first raised afresh the Eastern Question. We have threatened the Sultan, and then backed down; we have invoked the Concert of Europe to our aid, and found it organized against us. We have scored nowhere, and have been snubbed everywhere. It is no business of ours to determine where the fault lies; but that there is a grievous and persistent fault somewhere is only too painfully obvious.

PERSIA REVISITED.*

FOR the literary *gourmet*, who has lost appetite for the heavy, insipid dishes which incompetent writers place before him, there is a special pleasure in meeting a light, artistically cooked *entrée* such as the little book in which General Gordon has recorded the impressions which a visit to Persia, after several years of absence, have left on a man intimately acquainted with the political and social life of the country. Persia is, without doubt, a treasure-house of archæological and historical interest, and those who desire such information can find it stored in several encyclopædic volumes which have been published, praised, and neglected. But of the Persia of to-day, the country which seems likely to become the Belgium of Asia, the battlefield of Russian and English interests, the present volume tells us sufficient. Sir Thomas Gordon, like a skilled debater who can concentrate into a ten minutes' speech the material with which feebler speakers flavour an ocean of verbiage, knows what information English readers and thinkers require at the present moment, and he has supplied it, with picturesqueness, clearness, and brevity. No more striking or more accurate picture of modern Persia has been drawn, and we specially commend it to the notice of members of both Houses of Parliament, which, ere long, will find that the affairs of Persia will demand a considerable share of their attention, and it will be well for them to study the subject beforehand. Fortune has many surprises for an empire so extended as that of England, and we have heard of officials who, in critical circumstances, have searched the map in vain for the city of *Söl* or the Brazilian-claimed island of *Trinidad*, beloved of land crabs and Chevalier *Correa*.

Sir Thomas Gordon, who is a distinguished Indian officer, was, for several years, attached to the Teheran Legation as military secretary, and it would be a good thing for England if he were there still. But he was withdrawn, presumably in accordance with that wise rule of the public service which prescribes that an officer shall be removed from a post so soon as he shall have learnt to perform its duties efficiently. He represented the result of the struggle between the Foreign and India Offices for the Teheran Legation, a struggle as obstinate and prolonged as that between Michael the Archangel and the Devil for the body of Moses. There can be no doubt that Persia should remain under the diplomatic control of the Foreign Office. Her interests and her dangers are more European than Asiatic, and her future destinies will be decided by the Ministries of St. James and St. Petersburg. At the same time it is essential that a proportion of the Teheran staff should be composed of Indian officers, with a thorough knowledge of Orientals and Oriental diplomacy, and possessing that competent command of the Persian language which comes alone from early study and constant use. Without special training, a diplomatist transferred from Brussels or Madrid to Teheran or Bangkok is useless, and often mischievous, for he conveys a false impression of strength, like the wooden cannon over the gateways of *Pekin*.

The question which underlies and gives interest to General Gordon's book is the reality and depth of Persian progress; whether the recuperative power which seems so strangely to reside in these ancient Eastern races has sufficient force and vitality to start Persia on a new cycle of prosperity. If it has, England and the world generally have cause for satisfaction, seeing that a serious and imminent danger to peace will be lessened or removed. For Russian ambition is the cloud which hangs over the future of Persia, and this can only be lightened by the determination of the new Shah to reform the government of his country, to develop its resources, and to make assured its position among civilized communities. Persia will never be strong enough to resist successfully an attack by Russia, but such an attack may be indefinitely postponed if she takes care to follow a discreet and peaceful policy, and by a strong and well-ordered domestic administration removes any excuse for outside interference. The modern world is

* "Persia Revisited." By General Sir Thomas Edward Gordon, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.S.I., formerly Military Attaché and Oriental Secretary to H.M.'s Legation at Teheran. London: Edward Arnold. 1896.

becoming more and more impatient of barbarism; but the public conscience repudiates unprovoked attacks on the stability of civilized societies and solidly founded institutions. Much depends upon the conduct and character of *Mozuffer-ed-Din*, the present Shah; and General Gordon, who has not only had the advantage of his acquaintance, but who was, if we remember rightly, deputed on a mission to his Court at *Tabreez*, gives him a high character for prudence, patience, and good judgment. He is also of kindly disposition and pleasing manners; and although, as General Gordon truly observes, prudence demanded that as heir-apparent he should not take a very active part in public affairs, yet, on occasion, he has shown himself a capable ruler, and he was assisted in the administration of the Northern province of *Azerbaijan* by two remarkable statesmen, *Amir-i-Nizam*, a wealthy and influential man, at one time the virtual Governor-General of the province, and later by *Mirza Abdül Rahim*, an experienced diplomatist, well known as Persian Minister at Paris and St. Petersburg. These men, though they may have relieved the heir-apparent of the drudgery of administration, must have taught him much of the duties and responsibilities of government, and it seems likely that *Mozuffer-ed-Din* will prove himself a competent and judicious monarch, and will further the various schemes of reform and industrial activity of which General Gordon gives an interesting account in the third and fourth chapters of his book.

The natural light-heartedness of the Persians and the less rigid character of the *Shiah* form of *Muhamadanism* which they affect, give them a better chance both of social happiness and national development than other Muslim nations whose bitter intolerance and resistance to all change have arrested, at an early stage, their progress in civilization. General Gordon gives an interesting account of the reforming sect of the *Bábís*, who are very numerous and influential, and who both preach and practise a wide liberality, and break away from the minute and tiresome ceremonial of the *Muhamadan* ritual. Possibly no sociologist has noted, among the causes of the decay and decrepitude of *Muhamadan* communities, the inflexible rule which compels every orthodox Muslim to rise before the sun, when the dawn first brightens the sky, to repeat, with prescribed prostrations, long and formal prayers in an unfamiliar language. Yet it may well be doubted whether any people who are habitually turned out of bed at 4 A.M. retain sufficient energy, during the working hours of the day, for the requirements of civilization. The religious tolerance of the Persians, which was a striking characteristic of the late Shah, is a very pleasant and hopeful guarantee for future advance. There is plenty of fanaticism among the priestly class, and the people are easily excited by the *Mullahs* to violence, but their influence is diminishing; and in a country isolated like Persia, much of what superficially appears to be religious bigotry is no more than the rough expression of uneducated surprise at what is unfamiliar. The Black Country in England is not believed to welcome respectable strangers with any cordiality.

With regard to the foreign policy of Persia and the chances of the future, General Gordon writes with a discretion which rightly belongs to one who has been connected with the diplomatic service in that country. Nor, at the present time, when the new Shah has but seated himself on his throne and his views and intentions are undeclared, is there much which can be said with advantage. It is sufficient to know that *Mozuffer-ed-Din* is a man of intelligence and amiability, well disposed to England, and with the advantage of possessing a Prime Minister who for ability and character will compare favourably with European statesmen. The Shah is, moreover, a hardy and keen sportsman, and has arrived at middle age without having allowed himself to be unduly influenced by the luxurious surroundings of Oriental courts which, in India, too often render vain the trouble which the Government expends on the education and training of native princes. But Persia is daily becoming more drawn into Western politics, and several European countries, such as France, Germany, and Belgium, are competing with England and Russia for influence and concessions. Nor is there any reason that England should object to the development of Persia being assisted

by other hands than her own. All that is requisite is that we should take care to bear our full share in the regeneration of this interesting country and defend our own imperial interests whenever and wherever they may be threatened. Lord Salisbury, in a recent speech, has eloquently asserted his belief in the energy and enterprise of his countrymen, and does not doubt that in the future, as in the past, the English will maintain their influence and commercial supremacy in the East. Without in the least questioning the grounds of his confidence, it must be remembered that European competition is now keen, and that sustained effort is necessary if we are to maintain our old position of superiority. Other nations are exhausting all the resources of diplomacy to supplant us and aggrandize themselves, and British merchants and capitalists may fairly demand all the assistance which the authority of their Government can afford them.

LEPEL GRIFFIN.

LITERARY ICONOCLASM.*

AMONG the worthies of the fifteenth century there is no more interesting and picturesque figure than the Poet-King of Scotland, James I. Long before the poem on which his fame rests was given to the world tradition had assigned him a high place among native makers, and his countrymen had been proud to add to the names of Dunbar and Douglas, Henryson and Lyndsay, the name of the best of their kings. Great was their joy therefore when, in 1783, William Tytler gave public proof that the good King's title to the laurel was no mere title by courtesy, but that he had been the author of a poem which could fairly be regarded as one of the gems of Scottish literature. There cannot, in truth, be two opinions about the "Kingis Quair." It is a poem of singular charm and beauty, and though it is modelled closely on certain of Chaucer's minor poems, and is in other respects largely indebted to them, it is no servile imitation; it bears the impress of original genius, not so much in details and incident as in tone, colour and touch; it is a brilliant and most memorable achievement, and Rossetti hardly exaggerates when he describes it as

"More sweet than ever a poet's heart
Gave yet to the English tongue."

For more than a hundred years it has been the delight of all who care for the poetry of the past, and the story it tells, and tells so pathetically, is now among the "consecrated legends" which every one cherishes. "The best poet among kings, and the best king among poets," the name of the author of the "Kingis Quair" heads the list of royal authors. The stanza which he employed, though invented or adopted by Chaucer, takes its title from the King, and "the rime royal" will be in perpetual evidence of his services to poetry, as the University of St. Andrews will be of his services to learning and education. No generation has passed, from Sir Walter Scott to Mrs. Browning, and from Mrs. Browning to Gabriel Rossetti, which has not been lavish of honour and homage to him.

But it seems we have all been under a delusion. Our simple ancestors believed that James was the author of "Peebles to the Play" and "Christ's Kirk on the Green"; but "Peebles to the Play" and "Christ's Kirk on the Green" "are now"—Mr. J. T. T. Brown is speaking—"relegated to the anonymous poetry of the sixteenth century, inexorably deposed by the internal evidence"; and Mr. Brown aspires to send the "Kingis Quair" the same way. His fell purpose is "to deprive James of his singing garment, and reduce him to the humbler rank of a King of Scots." There is something almost terrible in the exultation with which Mr. Brown assuming that, the King's claim to every other poem attributed to him having been completely demolished, it only remains to deprive him of the "Kingis Quair" to make his poetical bankruptcy complete; and to the demolition of the King's claim to the "Quair" Mr. Brown ruthlessly proceeds. Now I have no intention of entering into the question of the authenticity of the minor poems to which Mr. Brown refers; but I shall

certainly break a lance with this destructive critic in defence of James's claim to "Kingis Quair."

Mr. Brown contends, first, that there is no satisfactory external evidence in favour of the King's authorship of the poem; and, secondly, that the internal evidence is almost conclusive against him. What are the facts? In the Bodleian Library is a MS. the date of which is uncertain, but it cannot be assigned to an earlier period than 1488. This MS. contains certain poems of Chaucer, Hoccleve, Lydgate, and others, together with the "Kingis Quair." Of the "Kingis Quair" it is, so far as is known, the only MS., and to it alone we owe the preservation of the poem. Both title and colophon assign the work to James I., the words being: "Heirefter followis the quair maid be King James of Scotland ye first, callit ye Kingis quair, and maid quhen his Ma. wes in England," the colophon running "Explicit, &c. &c. quod Jacobus primus Scotorum rex Illustrissimus." This is surely precise enough; but Mr. Brown insists that the statement carries very little weight, being no more than the *ipse dixit* of not merely an irresponsible, but of an unusually reckless, copyist. The recklessness of this copyist Mr. Brown deduces from the fact that, of ten poems attributed to Chaucer in the same MS., five undoubtedly do not belong to him. On this I shall only remark that it would be interesting to know whether these poems have been attributed to Chaucer in other MSS. My own impression, though I cannot now speak certainly, is that they have. In any case, Mr. Brown must surely know that it is a very different thing for a copyist to miss-assign a few short poems and to make a statement so explicit as is here made with regard to the "Kingis Quair." He must either have been guilty of deliberate fraud—and what right have we to assume this?—or he must have been misled, an hypothesis which is equally unwarrantable unless it be adequately supported. And how does Mr. Brown proceed to support it? He contends that we have no satisfactory evidence from other sources that James was the author of the poem. Walter Bower, the one contemporary historian, though he gives in his "Scotichronicon" an elaborate account of the King's accomplishments, is silent, Mr. Brown triumphantly observes, about his poetry. This may be conceded. But Weldon is equally silent about the poetry of James VI., and Buchanan about the poetry of Mary. And what says the next historian, John Major. "In the vernacular"—we give the passage in Mr. Brown's own version—"he was a most skilful composer. . . . He wrote a clever little book about the Queen before he took her to wife and while he was a prisoner," a plain allusion to the "Kingis Quair." Testimony to his poetical ability is also given by Hector Boyes in his "History of Scotland," "In lingua vernaculâ tam ornata faciebat carmina, ut poetam natum credidisses." So say John Bellenden, John Leslie, and George Buchanan. Of these witnesses Mr. Brown coolly observes that they carry little or no weight because they only echo each other and Major. Major, Mr. Brown insists, is "the sole authority for the ascription to James of the vernacular poems." Certainly fame in the face of such critics as Mr. Brown is held on a very precarious tenure. Dunbar, in his "Lament of the Makars," enumerates, continues our critic, twenty-one Scottish poets, but passes James over in silence, therefore James's title to being a poet was unknown to him. Possibly; but that Dunbar's list was not meant to be exhaustive is proved by the fact that he makes no mention of a poet, and of a considerable poet, who must have been well known to him, Thomas of Ercildoune. Nothing can be more misleading than deductions like these. Ovid has given us an elaborate catalogue of the poets of his time, but makes no mention of Manilius. Addison has given us an account of the principal English poets, and makes no mention of Shakspeare. If Dante's and Chaucer's acquaintance with their distinguished brethren is to be estimated by those whom they noticed, it must have been far more limited than we know it by other evidence to have been. Lyndsay, again, is cited as testimony of ignorance of James's title to rank among poets; but in the list in which he is silent about James he is silent about poets so famous as Barbour, Blind Harry, Wyntown, Kennedy, and Douglas.

* "The Authorship of the Kingis Quair." A New Criticism by J. T. T. Brown. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons, 1896.

Mr. Brown next proceeds to the question of internal evidence. He cannot understand how it could come to pass that a Scotchman who left his native country when he was under twelve years of age, and who was educated by English tutors in England, should, after eighteen years of exile, employ "the Lowland Scottish dialect." This is surely not very difficult to explain. Nothing so much endears his country to a man as exile, and nothing is more cherished by a patriot than his native language. The King may have had English tutors, but it is distinctly stated by Wyntown that he was allowed to retain as his companions four of his countrymen. When he served in France, he had a Scottish bodyguard. The document in the King's own handwriting, printed by Chalmers, proves that in 1412 he was conversant with the Lowland dialect. In all probability, therefore, he carefully cherished his native language. The consensus of tradition places it beyond all doubt that he composed poetry in the vernacular, and as he wrote the "Kingis Quair" when he knew that he was about to return to Scotland as its king, it was surely the most natural thing in the world that he should compose a poem which told the story of himself and of his young bride, whom he was introducing to his subjects as their queen, in the language of the country. But, says Mr. Brown, it is the Lowland dialect, with inflexions peculiar to Midland English, with many Chaucerian inflexions engrafted on it. And what more natural? The Midland dialect was the dialect of his English teachers. The poems of Chaucer he probably had by heart. Mr. Brown's object in all this is to relegate the "Kingis Quair" to that group of poems which are represented by the "Romaunt of the Rose" and "Lancelot of the Lak," which appeared between 1440 and 1480, and in which all these peculiarities are so pronounced. Into philological details we have not space to enter, but this we will say. We will admit that *ane* before a consonant, the past participle in *it*, the pronouns *thaire* and *thame*, the plural form *quhillkis* and the like, are peculiarities which belong to a period not earlier than about 1440, and that all these peculiarities are to be found in the poem. But we contend that these are just as likely to be due to the transcriber as they are to the author. It is the very height of rashness to dispute the genuineness of an original in consequence of the presence of peculiarities which might quite well have been imported into it by a copyist. The resemblances between this poem and the "Court of Love" are, we admit, not likely to have been mere coincidences, and we are quite ready to admit that the "Court of Love" in the form in which we have it now must be assigned to a much later date than the date assigned to the "Kingis Quair," that is 1423. But this is certain—that many, and very many, of the resemblances between the two poems are to be attributed to the fact that the writers were saturated with the influence of Chaucer, and delighted in imitating and recalling his poetry. If, again, it be assumed that one poem was the exemplar of the other, this is indisputable, that the "Court of Love" was modelled on the "Kingis Quair" and not the "Kingis Quair" on the "Court of Love." For setting aside peculiarities which may be assigned to transcribers, there can be little doubt that the "Court of Love" belongs to the sixteenth century at the very earliest, while Mr. Brown himself admits that the MS. of the "Kingis Quair" may be approximately fixed at 1488.

Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than Mr. Brown's attempt to show that the poem breaks down in autobiographical details, and that it derives these details from Wyntown's Chronicle. James does not mention the exact year in which he was taken prisoner. He tells us that he commenced his voyage when the sun had begun to drive his course upward in the sign of Aries—that is, on or about 12 March—and that he had not far passed the state of innocence, "bot nere about the nowmer of zeres thre"—in other words, that he was about ten years of age. Hereupon Mr. Brown, assuming that Wyntown gives the date of the King's birth correctly, proceeds to point out that the King was not at this time "about ten," but that he was about eleven and a half; and then asks triumphantly whether James would have been likely to forget his own age. Again, he contends that the King's capture could not

have taken place in March, because it is highly probable that at the end of February or at the beginning of March the King was in the Tower. For the fact that he was in the Tower at that date there is not an iota of proof, or even of tolerably satisfactory presumptive evidence. How the author of the "Kingis Quair" could have been indebted to Wyntown's Chronicle for the autobiographical details it is indeed difficult to see. The poem gives March as the date of the capture; the Chronicle gives April. According to the poem, the King's age at the time of his capture was about ten; according to the Chronicle, about eleven and a half. The Chronicle gives the year of the capture; the poem does not. The Chronicle gives details not to be found in the poem; the poem details not to be found in the Chronicle. Mr. Brown has no authority whatever for asserting that Book ix. chap. 25 of the Chronicle was certainly written years before James returned to Scotland. All we know about the Chronicle is that it was finished between 3 September, 1420, and the return of James in April, 1424.

J. C. C.

A SLIGHT INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE.

IT is a windless morning on the Firth of Clyde; the Cowal shore is lost in a thick grey mist; the fleet of yachts in Rothesay Bay lie in a ghostly huddle; while inshore the flat water takes shadows like a pond. Wherefore the heart of the yachtsman is exceeding sorrowful; for this is the great day of the Fortnight—the Queen's Cup day—and the finest craft in the country are gathered here for the chief race. "Britannia" is, of course, the favourite; and large is the hope that she will, with her old luck and her old sailing powers, out-distance all her rivals—especially the new cutter "Meteor," owned by His Majesty of Germany.

Many a sailor-man in the fleet is a-whistling this morning for a wind. And lo! it comes! A light easterly stir; little felt here in the Bay, but sufficient to fill the whole lower sail, under jib-topsail, and jack-yarder, as the four big cutters dodge for places at the starting-line. With the preparatory gun balloon jibs are broken out, and at the starting gun there is some pretty seamanship in the struggle to cross the line. Of the four chief yachts "Meteor" gets away first; "Britannia" quickly follows in her wake; while "Ailsa" and "Satanita" play a little game of luff, and drop astern. The other four small fry—"Isolde," "Carina," "Corsair," "Caress"—have got away as they can; no one gives them more than a passing thought, for this is not their race.

The first part of the course is out of the bay, round Bogany Point, and down the Bute coast to the buoy at Mountstuart. When they get clear of the bay, therefore, the racers find a steadier breeze with a good deal of south in it; so it becomes a beat to windward. "Meteor" is now drawing ahead, but is still followed closely by "Britannia"; and, as the breeze is still very light inshore, they have to do a little bit of short tacking to fetch the buoy. The new cutter is quick at the herring-bone business, and stays round the mark about a minute ahead of "Britannia"; while "Ailsa" and "Satanita" are going to leeward and spoiling their chances by a continued silly game of luff.

From Mountstuart the course is athwart channel to Largs; and, as the wind is now strongly from the south'ard, the long reach to starboard is accomplished at a pace. It is now a stirring sight. For the wind begins to scatter the mist; the sun burns in a great silver blotch aloft; while the yachts in a long white flight churn across the firth to fetch the mark at Largs. Here "Meteor," still leading, gybes to starboard; and the course is now up-channel to Skelmorlie before the breeze, with the spinnaker swung to port. It is, practically, a race between "Meteor" and "Britannia," and it becomes more and more apparent that the new cutter can give the old favourite a beating in a light wind. As the yachts haul round the mark at Skelmorlie, the spinnakers are brought aboard, jibtop-sails set, and they make a long reach of it back to the Commodore's boat, with the wind nearly abeam. The Ascog shore is now a solid black mass of sight-seers; and as the Emperor's yacht draws into the Bay,

and stays round the home buoy, there is a grim silence both ashore and afloat. The Prince's cutter is being outsailed; there is now no doubt about it. Here she comes down to the mark, and turns on her heel with the old cleverness; although this is only the first round, she is already some three minutes astern. Many a pious Scotsman at this moment is calling upon God to send a great calm, and straightway to clap the Emperor's craft into the midst of it. But mere prayer avails not, for the wind is now brisk from sou'-sou'-west, and "Meteor" draws away to windward, making the weather mark at Mountstuart at her best pace.

It is now a real yachting day. The breeze is steady; the mist has disappeared, save for a slight haze on the far Ayrshire coast; the rippling breadth of the firth is a-glitter with sunlight. The yachts are now streaming across channel on a slant, with their high white sails delicately etched against the grey horizon. At the Largs buoy they come round with a great flash as the sunlight strikes the towering canvas, and the spinnakers swing to port. Then it is up channel before the piping breeze; "Meteor" still drawing away, hand over fist; "Britannia" making a stern chase of it; and the others coming along in a tow-line as Heaven wills.

When the Emperor's cutter stays at the Commodore's buoy in completion of the second round, she is full seven minutes ahead of the "Britannia"; wherefore the vast crowd along Ascog shore is grimmer and silder than ever. The race is lost unless Providence intervenes! So thinks the man beside me, who is mild-faced as a philanthropist and has the trim iron-grey whiskers of a Free Kirk elder. At this moment he has lost touch with Christianity, however, for in emphatic phrase he hopes that the "Meteor's" boom will spin one of her crew overboard—the German cook for choice. But no such hap befalls, by aid of Providence or otherwise; the "Meteor" rounds the mark at Largs, and comes away on a reach homewards, with the white spume at her fore-foot, and head-sails flying.

There is a dead quiet as she draws into the Bay; both on the fleet of crowded steamboats and among the vast multitudes along the shore. And when she rounds on her heel at the finish, some eight minutes ahead of "Britannia," there is only a faint cheer and a somewhat perfunctory screeching from the steam-whistles of a few yachts. The German Emperor has won; the British Prince is beaten! These Scots people are disgusted with the result, and give expression to it in stern silence, as is their wont. Significant—all the more so when one remembers that the winner was designed by a Scotsman, built here on the Clyde, and is manned, in great part, by Scotsmen. But mark you, the owner is the man who, when Britain was caught in a squall, sent a certain telegram of congratulation to His Honour at Pretoria; that is the rub. HAMISH HENDRY.

THE EYESIGHT OF CHILDREN.

SO many independent factors are at work in human affairs that it is peculiarly difficult to associate any two phenomena relating to man, as cause and effect. It is a matter of common observation that the wearing of spectacles by those under middle age is on the increase, and, especially in Germany, where the change is most striking, the attempt has been made to attribute modern defective vision to the increased strain placed upon the eyes by modern elementary education. It would be a matter of the gravest concern were it proved that universal education, which we have regarded as a great engine of civilization, was actually destroying the keenness of the most important sense-organ. The suggestion of this possibility makes it urgent that there should be made a most careful scrutiny of the actual facts, and, in particular, that it be found out whether or no defects in school accommodation or increased stress of school work is contributing to a possible degeneration of civilized races. The lighting arrangements of schools and the tasks made necessary by examinations are conditions that could be altered without much difficulty, if it were found that they exert an unfavourable influence. Mr. Brudenell Carter—a distinguished London surgeon, who has devoted himself specially to the study of vision—has recently presented a most valuable report to the Education Department.

"My Lords," recognizing the importance of the results obtained already, are making arrangements for the carrying out of a prolonged series of investigations throughout the country on the lines laid down by their expert.

Mr. Brudenell Carter made arrangements with the authorities of twenty-five elementary schools in London, with the result that 8,125 children were subjected to simple tests of vision. Of these it turned out that just under 40 per cent. were possessed of normal vision in both eyes. Between two and three thousand of the children with defective vision were subjected to careful medical examination by Mr. Carter, or by a skilled colleague, Mr. Belcher Hickman. The eye consists of a combination of refracting agencies, the lens, cornea, and so forth, which focus the visible rays of light upon the retina, a nervous sensitive screen at the back of the eye corresponding to the sensitive plate upon which the photographer obtains his negative. In normal vision, rays coming from a distant object are focussed exactly upon the retina, while for near objects the eye exerts its power of accommodation by which the refractive strength of the lens is increased. The common optical defects, all of which result in impaired vision in a lesser or greater degree, are of three kinds. In cases of *myopia*, or short-sight, either the eyeball is too long or the refractive combination is too strong, with the result that the image falls, not on the retina, but some little distance in front of it. In cases of *hypermetropia* the eyeball is too short, or the refractive combination too weak, with the result that the image is formed behind the retina. In cases of *astigmatism* the surface of the cornea is not truly spherical, the curve of two axes at right angles to each other being different.

Myopia, or short-sight, is in the first place of a congenital character, one of the structural variations which are common in all animals and plants. In uncivilized communities those born with a degree of myopia sufficient to be a disadvantage no doubt are rapidly weeded out in each generation. The ease by which it may be corrected by spectacles, and the modern cheapness of accurately curved glasses, almost completely remove the disadvantage of the condition, and we must be prepared to find the cessation of natural elimination of those with moderate short-sight, accompanied with a resulting gradual increase of numbers. On the other hand, myopia, if its possessors are subjected to trying conditions, tends to become progressive, and progressive short-sight is a very serious matter. Mr. Brudenell Carter's report will set the minds of anxious school managers at rest. He has found no evidence of any extended prevalence of this condition. The proportion of cases was small, and it bore no relation whatever to the lighting of the school, the two schools in which the greatest proportion of cases occurred being respectively the best and worst lighted of the whole number. Still more important was the complete absence of any evidence as to progressive myopia. Some of the worst cases occurred among children who had recently joined school, and there was nothing to show that it increased with the length of time the children had been at school. To examine further into this unexpected and agreeable conclusion Mr. Carter has arranged to examine a number of selected cases next year.

In the matter of astigmatism there was no evidence of school-life being detrimental. The proportion of cases was less than the proportion discovered in Mr. Carter's private practice among patients examined for every kind of optical weakness. The vast majority of optical defects were due to hypermetropia. This condition differs from the others in that it is not so much due to natural variations in the structure of the eye as to arrested development. A hypermetropic eye is a small, badly developed eye, and is frequently to be found associated with general feebleness of the bodily frame. It is only natural that it should be found abundantly among the children of the poorer classes, for most children naturally have a slight hypermetropia which is gradually corrected in the more fortunate cases as healthy growth proceeds. Where children are badly fed the optical defect may be, and often is, increased with age. But this increase has no connexion with school life and can be counteracted

only by improvements in the general condition of the poorer classes.

The most unexpected result of Mr. Carter's investigations was that a very large proportion of the cases of defective vision were due, not to structural defects in the refractive combinations of the eye, but to imperfect practice in seeing. It occurred to him to compare the vision of children at a country school with his town cases, and he found that country vision was very much better. The country child has an expanse of landscape before him presenting numerous objects under visual angles rendered small by distance. His eyes are exercised beneficially by the perpetual variety of objects that attract him at all distances, and his standard of vision is increased beyond the normal. As might be expected, this improved vision is more noticeable in country boys than in country girls, as these lead a less active life. On the other hand, the vision of town children is limited by their environment. They see the other side of the street in which they live, and the carts and traffic of the thoroughfare. Their visual attention is seldom attracted to any object at a distance, and from lack of the physiological stimulus to growth given by increased use of an organ, their eyes remain in an imperfect condition. Mr. Carter urges strongly that the vision, especially of town children, should be tested and trained systematically. He urges that it should be included among the physical faculties which are tested by competition and for proficiency in which prizes are given. Such competitions would tend forcibly to diffuse a knowledge of what normal vision should be. Those who were acutely subnormal would find out their defects in time to have them remedied, while the great majority of town children, whose defect of vision is an accidental result of their environment, would be stimulated to improve their organs by the necessary practice.

A PORTUGUESE VIEW OF ENGLAND.*

IT is not a bad idea of Mr. Joseph Jacobs to edit a series of books on England by foreigners under the title "As Others See Us," for, as he says, "if we want to know how England stands in the eyes of the world, we can obviously only do so by looking through foreign spectacles. . . . England has only recently learnt how she is regarded abroad, and the revelation was a startling one. Her very ignorance was her danger." We are, no doubt, very insular and very conceited, and the "As Others See Us" series can do us nothing but good. But we are entitled to demand that the "others" shall be competent to see. Mr. Jacobs seeks to disarm criticism by observing that "books like these will contain many errors of detail, many misconceptions of English national character." This book, like others of its kind, does contain many such errors and misconceptions, but we are unable to agree with the editor that "therein lies their value." Señor Oliveira Martins is a well-known Portuguese politician and man of letters, and it is evident that he is well read in English literature. But some of his errors of detail are so gross as to shake our faith in him as a competent observer of larger things. Dr. Johnson said truly that a man who could not get his dinner properly cooked was not to be trusted in any of the relations of life. We really cannot accept as a competent critic of London life a foreigner who mistakes the statue of Achilles for that of the Duke of Wellington, and who pronounces the House of Commons to be the best place to dine at in town. And the mistake about the statue is twice repeated, so that it is no hasty slip. "In spite of the æsthetic inferiority," says our Portuguese observer, "never to a Roman would occur the idea of putting a parasol on the head of the Duke of York, who from the top of a column looks on to St. James's Park; never one of exposing, naked and of the size of a rhinoceros, the Duke of Wellington, in the attitude of Alcides, brandishing a kitchen-knife at the entrance to Hyde Park." Speaking of the Church parade in Hyde Park, Martins says, "The people congregate at the corner, at the turn of the grass

that lines the exit, at which Wellington, gigantic and naked, holds his kitchen-knife." Poor iron Duke! Has he ever been so exposed before? After this we are not surprised to learn that "genteel" is "an adjective much abused on this side of the Channel, as 'joli' is on the other Pre-Raphaelitism is genteel." The word genteel is as dead as Thackeray, from whose books doubtless Martins picked it up.

But there is either a constitutional inaccuracy of observation about Señor Oliveira Martins, or else he has been impudently practised upon by his cicerones. "Before visiting the Houses of Parliament they showed me the great hall that serves for political trials." This can only mean Westminster Hall; but who would recognize it from the following description? "All round the hall the wainscots of carved wood clothe the walls up to a certain height, and above they are covered with sallow gilt leather hangings, or red tapestries falling in heavy folds. Lustres descend from the roof." The benches in the House of Commons are described as being "disposed like an amphitheatre," the members as having "chairs" to sit on, and the Speaker's costume is noted for "the contrast it presents to the uncereemonious manner in which members go in and out with their hats on their heads, as if they were in the street." Is it possible that so distinguished a visitor went to the House of Commons and thought Sir Richard Temple's bow to the Speaker uncereemonious? These are errors of detail to be sure. But "sands make the mountain," and national, like individual, character is made up of details. He who presumes to criticize his neighbours should be as observant of the smallest habit in the animals he studies as a Buffon or a Darwin.

We are bound to say that what is not inaccurate in this book is stale or commonplace. This judgment is not based on wounded vanity, for Señor Oliveira Martins likes and admires the British, and has more good than evil to say of us. But we are a little tired of reading about our cant, and our animality, and our want of artistic temperament, and our love of money. Some of it is true; none of it is new. But stale as is the indictment, we will not allow judgment to go by default. We will not admit, for instance, that the British are more sensual, or more brutal in their conception of enjoyment, than the Latin races. A nation which amuses itself at a bull-fight is certainly smitten with the most depraved form of lust—namely, cruelty. The "*horizontale*" is a distinct power in Paris, whereas she is nothing in London. Intellectual cowardice is our greatest national weakness, which entrenches itself behind mountains of cant. Drink we do, and gamble we do, like maniacs; but if we didn't drink and didn't gamble, we should be masters of the world, so it's perhaps as well that we do both.

But are the English sentimental? They were: but are they now? Señor Oliveira Martins does not produce any evidence of our sentimentality except "the Lake poetry"; and why poetry should be regarded as a proof of sentimentality, in the ordinary sense of the term, it is not very easy to see. The other proofs are weak. Take the family sentiment, for example: nowhere is it so weak as in England. Amongst Continental peoples different generations of the same family frequently live happily together in the same *ménage*. Such a thing is almost unheard of in this country, where each individual of the family group pitches his own tent on his own little patch of ground. Or compare the ceremonious deference paid by a Frenchman or a German to his parents with the almost brutal disrespect of an Englishman towards his "old people," who, if they are not rich, are barely tolerated, or, if they are rich, are given to understand that their innings have lasted long enough. We once had the reputation as a nation of marrying for love; but the young man of the present day lounges into matrimony with the same callous calculation that he lurches out of it through the Divorce Court.

London architecture Señor Martins classifies as the Tudor, the Classic, and the Continental style of the massive blocks of Paris. He writes intelligently of the rebuilding of London since the marvellous enrichment of England in 1850. "There came great spacious avenues and palaces in the manner of the French or

* "The England of To-day." From the Portuguese of Oliveira Martins. Translated by C. J. Willdey. London: George Allen. 1896.

Italian Renaissance, blocks of houses in floors and flats in the French style as a substitute for the old English home; red-tile and terracotta in the German style of Hanover and Prussia; and, finally, there came the restoration of the national Tudor style that predominates in the palaces and private houses, and with which, more or less, are inspired the best later buildings of London." Of all the powers of the London ground-landlord, the most mischievous has escaped criticism, his power of determining the appearance of the metropolis for the next century. The Duke of Westminster is making his Mayfair tenants rebuild their houses according to the plans of the estate architect, Mr. Eustace Balfour. The politics of the Balfour family are sound enough; but the architecture of this gentleman strikes us as being finical to the verge of absurdity. Red-brick suburban villas, all corners and landings, with an entresol thrust in between the dining-room and the drawing-room floors, have been allowed to cover the most fashionable quarter of London. Our posterity, we are certain, will curse the name of Balfour, and will sigh for the spacious style of the Regency mansions, which still cover what Disraeli called that "comely quarter of the town" in the neighbourhood of Portland Place.

Señor Oliveira Martins, like most Continental writers, is overawed by the rapid approach of modern democracy. He believes that in England, as on the Continent, the industrial or collective type of society will in time supplant the present individualist organization. This, we think, is rather a hasty generalization. Indeed, Señor Martins admits that the British are profoundly indifferent to abstract reasoning, on which Collectivism is based. The British working-man would not readily submit to the discipline of a Collectivist community (such as a few Collectivists dream of), and he has too ingrained a respect for the cheque-book ever seriously to rebel against Capital. He may become a Protectionist of the American type, but a Collectivist of the Continental type never.

SOME PRE-RAPHAELITE PICTURES.

A GOOD many years will still have to elapse before the pre-Raphaelite pictures can be judged coldly on their merits. But there must already be quite a number of persons who have seen in Rossetti's their first Annunciation. It stands in the National Gallery, it appears in at least one shop window in every street in London; the young person who is now growing up cannot help seeing it, and seeing it before any other Annunciation. In such a case the extremes of hostility and admiration must be equally incomprehensible, for he has neither accepted the more rounded and decorative and conventional designs of an earlier age, nor has he revolted against the "pride" and triviality of Virgin and Angel in magnificent robes placed thus and thus by painters who had not troubled to think out an individual interpretation of the drama. The plainness of the picture cannot shock him into the rage that made the critics of forty years ago inarticulate, nor can he look upon the straightness of the embroidered lily, the lowliness of the bed, the simplicity of the curtain with any tenderness because they are a relief from the grand style of the Caraccis and the facile loftiness of Fuseli. And he cannot, with decency, be asked to excuse the dullness of the angel's long figure because others made their Gabriel bounding in with swelling robe. High Art in the Fifties meant all that pompousness and unintellectual facility of composition against which the pre-Raphaelites rebelled; High Art, if it signifies anything to this generation, is an already somewhat distant appellation for the pictures of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. He will perhaps have a notion that the pre-Raphaelite movement was fundamentally connected with the rather sad and extremely wicked people who bent in depressed weariness round the table of that tiresome King Arthur, whom he will probably never want to hear of again, and that it fizzled out in the inanities of Mr. Strudwick. If such as he goes to the Goupil Gallery, he will be surprised that the ultra-Philistine red face and whiskers of the shepherd in Mr. Holman Hunt's picture should be pre-Raphaelite, and when he is told that R. B. Martineau's "Katharina and Petruccio" is held to be

somehow connected with the movement, he will want to know why Egg was not a pre-Raphaelite in his picture of "Beatrice knighting Esmond," and why a place could not be found even for Frith's "Road to Ruin," or, at any rate, for the young man at college letting in the dawn upon the card-party. And there we may leave him.

When we look through the criticisms of pre-Raphaelite work forty years ago, we are in the uncomfortable position of having to agree in part with the objections, though we feel that the critics were idiots all the same to be so entirely out of sympathy with the new movement. And it is a pleasure to note that the critic of the "Saturday Review" was one of the few who saw the Brethren's work with immediate admiration. He would have been unforgivable in '56 if he had not echoed Ruskin's opinion that true art lay in "child-like sincerity and in the shunning of pride." A dangerous statement doubtless, and only waiting to be misapplied by the silly who do not see that it is a manner of speech, that the moral terminology expresses artistic differences which could only be conveyed otherwise and with safety at great length. The critics who grew red in the face at such pictures as Ford Madox Brown's "Christ washing Peter's Feet" (the water-colour is at Goupil's) are annoying because when they deigned to become articulate, they babbled mathematical rules about the lighting of a third part of the picture or the repetition of colours—an incomprehensible language. Most of us would be hard put to it to say on the spur of the moment whether the fascination of the grouping and the perfect harmony of colours in a dancing picture by Degas could be put down even to the unconscious obedience to any set rules of composition and colour. But now that it is all over, we can agree with the stupid critics that Ford Madox Brown's picture is not a beautiful thing to gaze at, that it is less pleasant to the eye than the older thoughtless pictures that hang near it in the National Gallery—Wilkie's "Newsmongers," for instance, or even his "First Ear-ring"—and that it should not be so. Very likely nothing further was to be done just then exactly on Wilkie's lines; and, though that was important in the fifties, it has nothing to do with us now. The picture was not reminiscent of any previous composition or scheme of colour, and in the mouths of the critics this was blame; whereas the statement was neither blame nor praise. But of course they went on to suggest that, for some wicked reason best known to himself, the artist had studied older pictures, and had violently and blasphemously sworn that he would be novel at all costs in composition and colour. The simple reason for his novelty was that he was chiefly interested in something else, and that something he would get at all costs. The first instinct with his predecessors would be to sketch the arrangement, to place and mass the figures, and in the finished picture what was left of this original arrangement would have been the chief source of interest. With Ford Madox Brown the first instinct was to sit down and steadily and humbly think out the drama. Peter should be sternly repressing the impulse of a quick nature to jump up and forbid his Master to perform the menial act; the betrayer should be eager to have his turn with the rest, and so on. If the critics had said that this kind of drama was not the important thing in a picture, that the real drama in painting was one of lines and colours, they would, at any rate, have been more comprehensible than when they blurted out furious words to the effect that it was blasphemy to think out the situations in the New Testament at all. Nor was the artist concerned with beauty when he painted "The Pretty Baa-Lambs," now at Goupil's. He was striving for a closeness, not in this case to sentiment, but to the appearance of figures in summer heat. As a piece of realism it is far finer than Mr. Holman Hunt's "Hireling Shepherd," because Ford Madox Brown achieves a concentrated effect. Although the little sketch by Stothard, "Intemperance," is charming enough, it is quite comprehensible that the young painters at the middle of the century should be so sick of this kind of thing that facility appeared a grave crime, that they should be so tired of what was called beauty as to suspect beauty altogether.

Rossetti in his triptych of Paolo and Francesca is so different from Mr. Holman Hunt in his "Hireling Shepherd," that it is strange there should have been any connexion between them. But the pre-Raphaelite note in Paolo and Francesca is that the two figures look as if they were caught up by the sudden and invincible desire to kiss. This is a closeness to sentiment, just as the "Hireling Shepherd" shows a closeness to details that can be seen. But Rossetti's imagination was of such a kind that it was continually going beyond the possibilities of paint; he wrote his moving texts on the picture, on the frame, on the back, wherever there was a space, not so much for the sake of others as for his own satisfaction, because paint lagged behind. And no one can admire this picture to the full merely on the ground that it is like two people suddenly kissing; he must know and love Dante's story and Dante's love for it, he must know the passage in the "Divine Comedy," remember, perhaps, the first reading, and murmur with Rossetti "O lasso," and pass on. For he must be an odd appreciator of pictures who could want to live with this one all his life. The drama of line and colour is the only drama that can be looked at for ever with perfect content. The colour in the first panel glows, certainly, but that is not enough. In Sir Edward Burne-Jones's "The Merciful Knight," we are nearing that mood which was not, perhaps, a radical part of the movement, and which has yet, for one reason and another, swallowed up the rest to a large extent. Surely the epithet for this picture is "dear," the dear roses blossoming from the wattle hedge, the marigolds coming up close and light between the dark wooden piles, the bell with its wheel and rope, the little bucket of holy-water on its hook, the dear angels at the corners. A close attention to detail was a part of the pre-Raphaelite creed, but it was a somewhat harsh and unsparing passion. The later artist possessed too much love for what he considered beautiful things to be crude in the realness of his detail, too much humour, perhaps. The details seem to come from inside, and they are set down, oh, so lovingly! His affection for detail served a splendid purpose in the "Sidonia von Bork," which is now in this Gallery. It was remarkably the finest of the collection in the New Gallery, and we have seen nothing since to compare with it.

Apart from "Sidonia," the best picture in Messrs. Goupil's little collection is Walter Howell Deverell's "Lady with Birdcage." It is like a very beautiful Millais, more harmonious in colour, more beautiful in tone, though perhaps less strong. The tip-toe expression of the lady's face is charming, and it is not forced so far as to be disturbing. The picture is, in fact, something to stare at with the eyes. The painter, Mr. W. M. Rossetti says, was almost elected as the eighth member of the Brotherhood, or rather as the seventh in the place of a seceder; and he died when he was twenty-six. As it happens, the best picture in the pre-Raphaelite corner at the Guildhall this summer is also by the least known of the painters there exhibited, Mrs. Lucy Rossetti's "Après le Bal."

THE COLLAPSE OF THE MUSICAL SEASON.

NOT altogether unexpectedly, but suddenly, the bottom dropped out of the musical season a fortnight ago, leaving me, and every critic as conscientious as myself, with absolutely nothing to write about. It is true that all of us might, and some of us do, scribble a few lines about every little concert given by Miss X. and Madame Y., and Mr. Z. in the small Queen's Hall, and so delude our readers into the groundless belief that the season is still in full swing. But it is not worth my while to do that kind of thing for a single article, and therefore I do not disguise the fact that music in London is dead as a doornail. Jean de Reszke and Edouard are flying and a hundred other stars of fame or notoriety have fled; already the advertisements for next winter season's concerts are posted at the doors of empty St. James's Hall; and the only indications of there having been a season at all are my articles and the corpse of the dead opera season, which Mr. Niel Forsyth nightly galvanizes into sham life. In fact though it is

just about a fortnight since the season did visibly collapse, for at least a month there has been absolutely nothing to stay in London for except Jean de Reszke's Tristan. It seems a century since Richter was here to give a brief set of three concerts, and not very interesting concerts; and surely it is longer since my friend Mr. Schulz-Curtius laid a little plan to prevent me getting into the Bayreuth theatre a week hence because I did not like the atrocious Carlsruhe singers brought here by Mottl. Lamoureux flashed like a meteor across the sky; we have had no piano playing since D'Albert left; excepting the Kniesel quartet, which was good, but not good enough to stimulate me to write an article about it, we have had no chamber music since the Pops closed. Now this utter breakdown of music is significant. It shows how entirely the foreigner dominates us, how dependent we are upon his gracious assistance for the comparatively small amount of decent music we are permitted to hear each year; it shows that prate as we will about "progress" in English music, we have no music whatever until the foreigner chooses to come and give it to us and none after he thinks it time to get him gone again. And the foreigner thinks no more of us than the average actor-manager thinks of the smaller provincial towns he visits in the summer. Mottl and Richter cannot come because of Bayreuth—but Bayreuth would not wait a moment for London, no matter what huge schemes we had in hand. I am as willing as any one to curse the foreigner. But cursing does not alter the fact that we can do nothing for ourselves, that we are babies and have to be fed by foreigners with foreign foods from foreign spoons. The greatest of our "great musical festivals," our peculiar pride, has fallen into the hands of a foreigner; and the rest will quickly enough follow. Only by a happy accident was one of our largest choral societies recently preserved from a foreigner conductor; and a foreigner conductor, be it remembered, means foreign singers, foreign bandmen; for the foreigner loves his own people and takes pity on his poor friends and relatives at home. We not only lack musicians, but, further, we are not prepared to train any who may by chance pop up. "Our great music-schools" turn out no distinguished or even finished artists. Leonard Borwick and Fanny Davies come from Leipzig; every year dozens of hopeful young people are turned out of the Royal Academy or College as "finished" and go to Leipzig to find themselves classed as beginners; a splendidly gifted Clara Butt is allowed to sing all over the country for some years before she finds that she must go to Italy if she wishes ever to become a perfect mistress of her art.

Cursing the foreigner is very well as a light amusement for leisure hours, or as a means of relieving one's feelings; but the truth is that not the foreigner, but the British musician, should be cursed. The foreign musician at least loves music; in all cases his youth was spent in hearing as much of it as possible; and in many cases he continues to the end to be an inveterate concert and opera goer. But to the British musician music is merely a means of making money. Even in his youth he is rarely enthusiastic; he begins early to look for a line that will pay; and in his middle and old age he is merely a hardened place-grabber. If he gets into one of the musical rings he never dreams of taking advantage of his position to press forward this or that kind of music or even his peculiar theoretical views, but uses it simply to add places as fast as he can to those he has already secured. It is reckoned a matter of course in this country that a man should be professor at two or three music-schools, organist at a church, lecturer for a society, conductor of a choral society, conductor of a provincial festival, and should turn out a large number of popular part songs and anthems. One organist complained to me of the labour of running five churches, the plan being to put in deputies and take a profit on their work; and when I asked why he did it he stared as a grocer would stare if you asked why he sold groceries. Musicians of this class are happily in the habit of dying of "overwork"; and the musical and other papers print pathetic obituary notices in which the fact is never mentioned that the deceased would have led a happier and more useful life and probably would have lived

longer had he not been such a place-grabber. These "musicians" are the curse of music in England. They grab everything and draw big pay for doing badly what the few genuine musicians who do appear at long intervals would gladly receive small pay for doing well; and by their talk and their example they inculcate the basest and most sordid views of life and of art in those who come under their influence. So long as wealth and reputation reward place-grabbing on the one hand, and poverty and obscurity or contempt reward genuine effort on the other, so long will we produce a thousand place-grabbers, big and little, for one genuine musician, and so long will we have to go abroad for our genuine music. I am quite aware that place-grabbing goes on in Germany as well as in England. But Mottl would not be allowed to hold the conductorship of say the Carlsruhe, Munich, and Berlin operas; whereas if we had three opera houses in England they would not be open a fortnight before intrigues would be well advanced for placing them all in the hands of one "distinguished" musician, and a servile Press would say that after all the arrangement was an admirable one since it put opera under the control of the best man in the market. And in a few weeks the three opera houses would no more count in the musical life of the country than the Philharmonic Society, the Bach Choir, and the Royal Choral Society, count in the musical life of London to-day. They might be kept alive by Royal patronage and by interested guarantors; but we would go elsewhere for opera just as we now go elsewhere than to the Philharmonic, or Bach Choir, or Royal Choral Society for orchestral playing or choral singing.

If any one asks, Is there a remedy? I reply that there are two. The first is an immediate one; but since it would involve the hanging of a couple of dozen of eminent and respectable British musicians and the passing of a dozen Bills by the House of Commons, I shall not trouble to set it forth at all; for the one thing is as completely out of the question as the other. The other would work more slowly and it is not so drastic. But as it is quite as impracticable, it, too, must be left alone for the present.

J. F. R.

DALY UNDAUNTED.

"The Countess Gucki." An entirely new comedy in three acts, adapted from the original of Franz von Schonthan by Augustin Daly. Comedy Theatre, 11 July, 1896.

"The Liar." Comedy in two acts, by Samuel Foote. Royalty Theatre, 9 July, 1896. (A Revival.)

"The Honorable Member." A new three-act comedy drama by A. W. Gattie. Court Theatre, 14 July, 1896.

O MR. DALY! Unfortunate Mr. Daly! What a play! And we are actually assured that "The Countess Gucki" was received with delight in America! Well, perhaps it is true. After all, it may very well be that a nation plunged by its political circumstances into the study of tracts on bi-metallism may have found this "entirely new comedy" quite a page of romance after so many pages of the ratio between gold and silver. But in London, at the end of a season of undistracted gaiety, it is about as interesting as a second-hand ball dress of the last season but ten. When the curtain goes up, we are in Carlsbad in 1819, talking glibly about Goethe and Beethoven for the sake of local and temporal colour. Two young lovers, who provide what one may call the melancholy relief to Miss Rehan, enter upon a maddeningly tedious exposition of the relationship and movements of a number of persons with long German titles. As none of these people have anything to do with the play as subsequently developed, the audience is perhaps expected to discover, when the curtain falls, that the exposition was a practical joke at their expense, and to go home laughing good-humouredly at their own discomfiture. But I was far too broken-spirited for any such merriment. These wretched lovers are supposed to be a dull, timid couple, too shy to come to the point; and as the luckless artists who impersonate them have no comic power, they present the pair with such conscientious seriousness that reality itself could produce nothing more insufferably tiresome. At last

Miss Rehan appears, her entry being worked up with music—O Mr. Daly, Mr. Daly, when will you learn the time of day in London?—in a hideous Madame de Staël costume which emphasizes the fact that Miss Rehan, a woman in the prime of life with a splendid physique, is so careless of her bodily training that she looks as old as I do. She, too, talks about Goethe and Beethoven, and, having the merest chambermaid's part, proceeds heartlessly to exhibit a selection of strokes and touches broken off from the old parts in which she has so often enchanted us. This rifling of the cherished trophies of her art to make a miserable bag of tricks for a part and a play which the meekest leading lady in London would rebel against, was to me downright sacrilege: I leave Miss Rehan to defend it if she can. The play, such as it is, begins with the entry of a gigantic coxcomb who lays siege to the ladies of the household in a manner meant by the dramatist to be engaging and interesting. In real life a barmaid would rebuke his intolerable gallantries: on the stage Miss Rehan is supposed to be fascinated by them. Later on comes the one feeble morsel of stale sentiment which saves the play from the summary damnation it deserves. An old General, the coxcomb's uncle, loved the Countess Gucki when she was sixteen. They meet again: the General still cherishes his old romance: the lady is touched by his devotion. The dramatist thrusts this ready-made piece of pathos in your face as artlessly as a village boy thrusts a turnip-headed bogie; but, like the bogie, it has its effect on simple folk; and Miss Rehan, with callous cleverness, turns on one of her best "Twelfth Night" effects, and arrests the sentimental moment with a power which, wasted on such trivial stuff, is positively cynical and shocking. But this oasis is soon left behind. The old General, not having a line that is worth speaking, looks solemn and kisses Miss Rehan's hand five or six times every minute; the coxcomb suddenly takes the part of circus clown, and, in pretended transports of jealousy, thrusts a map between the pair, and shifts it up and down whilst they dodge him by trying to see one another over or under it. But, well as we by this time know Mr. Daly's idea of high comedy, I doubt if I shall be believed if I describe the play too closely. The whole affair, as a comedy presented at a West End house to a London audience by a manager "starring" a first-rate actress, ought to be incredible—ought to indicate that the manager is in his second childhood. But I suppose it only indicates that audiences are in their first childhood. If it pays, I have no more to say.

Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert, like Miss Rehan, are still faithful to Mr. Daly, in spite of his wasting their talent on trash utterly unworthy of them. Remonstrance, I suppose, is useless. At best it could only drive Mr. Daly into another of his fricassees of Shakespeare.

Mr. Bouchier's revival of "The Liar" produced an effect out of all proportion to the merits of the play by the contrast between Foote's clever dialogue and the witlessness of our contemporary drama. The part of Young Wilding gives no trouble to a comedian of Mr. Bouchier's address; and Mr. Hendrie as Old Wilding was equal to the occasion; but the rest clowned in the most graceless amateur fashion. The very common-places of deportment are vanishing from the stage. The women cannot even make a curtsy: they sit down on their heels with a flop and a smirk, and think that that is what Mr. Turveydrop taught their grandmothers. Even Miss Irene Vanbrugh is far too off-hand and easily self-satisfied. Actors, it seems to me, will not be persuaded nowadays to begin at the right end of their profession. Instead of acquiring the cultivated speech, gesture, movement, and personality which distinguish acting as a fine art from acting in the ordinary sense in which everybody acts, they dismiss it as a mere word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer, like Lindley Murray's verb, and proceed to inflame their imaginations with romantic literature and green-room journalism until such time as their great opportunity will come. Off the stage, be it observed, people are now better trained physically than they ever were before, and therefore more impatient of exhibitions of ugliness and clumsiness. Any good dancing-master

could take half a dozen ordinary active young ladies and gentlemen, and in four lessons make them go through the whole stage business of "The Liar" much more handsomely than the Royalty company. It is a great pity that all actors and actresses are not presented at Court: it would force them, for once in their lives at least, to study the pageantry of their profession, instead of idly nursing their ambitions, and dreaming of "conceptions" which they could not execute if they were put to the proof.

"The Honorable Member," produced at a matinée at the Court last Tuesday, is a remarkable play; not because the author, Mr. Gattie, is either a great dramatic poet or even, so far, a finished playwright; but because he seems conversant with ethical, social, and political ideas which have been fermenting for the last fifteen years in England and America, and which have considerably modified the assumptions upon which writers of penny novelettes and fashionable dramas depend for popular sympathy. The social judgments pronounced in the play are unmistakably those of reaction against unsocial commercialism and political party service, with here and there a touch of the cultured variety of anarchism. The hero is openly impatient of the scruples the heroine makes about going to live with him, she being unfortunately married to a felon. "You say it is wrong," he says: "what you mean is that some person in a horsehair wig will show that it is against the law." When some one takes a high moral tone against betting, he uses up the point made in Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe's essays, that a life insurance is a pure bet made by the insurance company with the person insured. A dramatist who has read Mr. Donisthorpe comes as a refreshing surprise in a theatrical generation which pouts at Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's plays because their ideas are as modern as those of Pusey and Maurice, Ruskin and Dickens. I suggest, however, to Mr. Gattie that people's ideas, however useful they may be for embroidery, especially in passages of comedy, are not the true stuff of drama, which is always the naïve feeling underlying the ideas. As one who has had somewhat exceptional opportunities of observing the world in which these new ideas are current, I can testify that they afford no clue to the individual character of the person holding them. A Socialist view of industrial questions, and an Individualist view of certain moral questions, may strongly differentiate the rising public man of to-day from the rising public man of twenty-five years ago, but not one rising public man of to-day from another rising public man of to-day. I know a dozen men who talk and think just as Mr. Gattie's editor-hero talks and thinks; but they differ from one another as widely as Pistol differs from Hamlet. The same thing is true of the Liberal-Capitalist persons who talk and think just the other way: they differ as widely as Mr. Gladstone differs from Mr. Jabez Balfour. I quite see that since we shall always have a dozen dramatists who can handle conventions for every one who can handle character, we are coming fast to a melodramatic formula in which the villain shall be a bad employer and the hero a Socialist; but that formula is no truer to life than the old one in which the villain was a lawyer and the hero a Jack Tar. It is less than four years since the Independent Theatre, then in desperate straits for a play of native growth, extracted from my dust-heap of forgotten MSS. a play called "Widowers' Houses," in which I brought on the stage the slum landlord and domineering employer who is, in private life, a scrupulously respectable gentleman. Also his bullied, sweated rent-collector. Take "Widowers' Houses"; cut out the passages which convict the audience of being just as responsible for the slums as the landlord is; make the hero a ranting Socialist instead of a perfectly commonplace young gentleman; make the heroine an angel instead of her father's daughter only one generation removed from the wash-tub; and you have the successful melodrama of to-morrow. Mr. Gattie, who probably never saw my play, has taken a long step in this direction. His Samuel Ditherby, M.P., bullying the wretched clerk Beamer, is my Sartorius bullying the rent-collector Lickcheese; and the relationship is emphasized by the fact that just as my play was rescued from the fury of an outraged public by Mr. James

Welch's creation of Lickcheese, "The Honorable Member" was helped through an intolerably hot July afternoon by the same actor's impersonation of Beamer. Unfortunately for Mr. Welch, the third act of "Widowers' Houses" presented Lickcheese in a comic aspect, and so left an impression that Mr. Welch had made his great hit in a comic part. But, though Mr. Welch has a considerable power of being funny, he has done no purely comic part that half a dozen other comedians could not do as well or better; whereas his power of pathos in realism—a power which is sufficient to awaken the sympathy and hush the attention of the whole house before he utters a word—distinguishes him from every other actor in his line on our stage; entitles him, indeed, to rank as an actor of genius. His Petkoff in "Arms and the Man," and his postboy in "Rosemary," are all very well; but what difficulty would there be in replacing him in either part? But his first entry and scene as Lickcheese, his curate in "Alan's Wife," and this new part of Beamer—all pathetic work—which of our actors could touch them after him? Beamer is technically even a greater triumph than Lickcheese, because—though I say it who should not—the author has been less considerate to the actor. Mr. Welch's exit in dead silence in the first act of "Widowers' Houses" brought down the house; but it was bound to do so if only (a large "if," I admit) the actor had driven home the preceding scene up to the hilt. But Beamer has to turn at the door and deliver what I take to be one of the most dangerous exit speeches ever penned, being nothing less than "Curse you! Curse you! Damn you to hell!" That speech is one of the author's mistakes; but Mr. Welch pulled it through so successfully that his exit was again the hit of the piece. Surely it cannot take our managers more than another twenty years—or, say, twenty-five—to realize that the parts for Mr. Welch are strong and real pathetic parts instead of silly clowning ones.

Here, then, we have the popular elements in Sartorius and Lickcheese, with an angel heroine of the unjustly accused variety, and a hero who, if not aggressively a Socialist, is a high-toned young man of the American ethical sort, ready to try the same experiment of living down prejudice that George Henry Lewes tried with George Eliot. The plot is very old and simple—"La Gazza Ladra" over again, except that it is Beamer instead of a magpie who brings the heroine under suspicion of stealing the family diamonds. The audience swallowed all the heterodox sentiments as if they were the platitudes of an archbishop. The play might be lightened and smartened considerably by the excision of a number of bits and scraps which, good enough for conversation, are not good enough for drama. Miss Madge McIntosh played the heroine so naturally that she was neither more nor less interesting than if the play had been real. This is more than I could say for all actresses; but I do not mean it as a compliment for all that. Unless an actress can be at least ten times as interesting as a real lady, why should she leave the drawing-room and go on the stage? Mr. Graham Brown's impersonation of the plain-clothes policeman was a clever bit of mimicry. The other parts were in familiar hands—those of Mr. Anson, Mrs. Edmund Phelps, Mr. Bernage, and Mr. Scott Buist.

G. B. S.

REFLECTIONS FROM THE RAND.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

JOHANNESBURG, 22 June, 1896.

CONSIDERABLE satisfaction was given by the announcement that the Rand gold output for May reached the splendid total of 195,008 ozs. The details, although detracting somewhat from the merit of the aggregate, showing as they do the inclusion of returns omitted from the April list, strike the cautious critic as being the pleasant shadows of coming glad events. Indeed, there is no doubt whatever that the industry will shoot ahead rapidly now that the main obstacles to progress have been removed. How far the short supply of coal will affect the producing companies in the current month remains to be seen. I am in a position to state, however, that, as the result of representations

to the Netherlands Railway Company, whose conveyance service is wholly inadequate, efforts are being made to remedy the evil. The summary of the figures representing the return of the Chamber of Mines and Association of Mines for May is as follows:—

	Chamber ozs.	Association ozs.
Mill	104,359	24,073
Concentrates	6,981	1,809
Tailings and other sources .	49,295	8,490
	160,635	34,372

In the earlier part of the week now brought to a close Johannesburg was almost ablaze with festive gatherings and farewell banquets in honour of some prominent members of the Reform Committee, who leave by the outgoing mail steamer on a trip to Europe: but the last three days were overshadowed with sorrow at the melancholy news that the "Drummond Castle" had foundered off Ushant.

Neither in a financial nor political sense is there much to record of the past week. The Stock Market has gradually gravitated toward weakness, and the news of a native outbreak in Mashonaland, while the Chartered forces are still dealing with the Matabele, has not tended to improve the tone. But the position is by no means a bad one as regards Rand mining securities, if the prevailing conditions may be used as a criterion. The one impediment to mining progress—one that is being surmounted with the tardy assistance of the Netherlands Railway Company—is the short supply of coal at some of the mines. The supply of labour is at present quite equal to the demand, though there are dangers before us with respect to it, and drought is a thing of the past. There is no accounting for the violent fluctuations characterizing Stock Exchange business. And it is quite inconceivable that, under all circumstances, the so-called "slump" in Kaffirs, not to say heroes, can make a further inroad into the pockets of operators for the rise. Whatever may be brewing politically, the mining industry of the Rand is restored to its normal level—that is to say, to a level from which it may again forge ahead.

M. Henrotte, the Vice-President of the Banque Française, is at present on a visit to Johannesburg, and has expressed himself highly delighted and satisfied with all he has seen, and with the magnificent position and prospects of the mining industry, which his personal inspection has assured him of. It would certainly be well if the foreign magnates interested in the Rand would come here and see for themselves what these unrivalled fields have already done, and what they are still capable of doing. M. Henrotte's visit is certain to have most satisfactory results, and his countrymen, I have no doubt, will set much value by his expression of approval. At a dinner which M. Henrotte, in conjunction with M. le Baron de Catalin, the local director of the Banque, gave to a few leading financiers one night this week, he did not hesitate to declare his confidence in this great industry in the warmest possible terms.

Dinners and banquets have, indeed, been the order of the week. Mr. Barnato, as I wrote in my last letter, was entertained prior to his departure for Kimberley and the Colony; his nephew, Mr. Joel, has been the guest of two similar functions this week; on Friday night a dinner was given to Messrs. H. J. King and H. C. Hull; and on the same day Mr. Bertie Mosenthal—a popular member of the local Exchange—was honoured at luncheon prior to his departure for Cape Town.

A correspondent furnishes some notes which may be of moment to those interested in the Zoutpansberg district, which the completion of the Pretoria-Pieterburg Railway is expected to do so much to develop. He tells us that each week brings inquiries for samples from ground where considerable sums have been expended in the earlier days, and the claims are rapidly being pegged by capitalists from Johannesburg and elsewhere. During the last few weeks several parties have visited the fields with the intention of taking up ground, and their investigations appear to be satisfactory, as it is said that large blocks are being pegged out both on the Klein Letaba line and the Tsama. Other

prospectors are now on their way from Johannesburg, and there is every indication that before long we shall see these fields enjoying the popularity they deserve. Although several ventures, so far, have been unsuccessful, it was not from the want of payable reef, for present workings show many reefs containing plenty of gold. At the Birthday, work has already started on the erection of cyanide plant for the treatment of the Company's tailings—an undertaking which private individuals have taken in hand, and the issue of which is anxiously waited for by all interested in the district. The work has been much delayed owing to difficulties of transport consequent upon the rinderpest regulations now in force, the material required being stopped on the road.

MONEY MATTERS.

THERE was a strong demand for money during the past week, owing to the Stock Exchange Settlement, but money was very abundant at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for day-to-day loans and for short fixtures. The Discount Market dull; $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was the rate for three and four months' bills, and $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. for six months'. There was some demand for bar gold in the Bullion Market. The Bank rate remains unchanged at 2 per cent. Stock Exchange business was generally very quiet. Home Government stocks were fairly steady, Consols being quoted at 113 $\frac{1}{16}$ for money, and 113 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the account on Wednesday. On the same day Bank of Ireland stock rose to 369 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 3. Colonial loans were strong and in good request.

Home Railways have been firm on the whole, although there was a tendency to dulness in the latter half of the week. The Sheffield dividend, which was declared at 1 per cent. of the Ordinary stock, £3,600 being carried forward, was considered disappointing, and the Metropolitan dividend at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., £13,000 being carried forward, was not regarded as favourable in some quarters, when compared with last year's. The traffic receipts were as a rule favourable. Among lines showing the more noteworthy increases, we may mention the London and North-Western (£10,398), the Midland (£9,068), the North-Eastern (£8,505), the Great Western (£7,090), the Great Eastern (£5,803, which is an increase upon an increase of £3,427 in 1895), the Lancashire and Yorkshire (£5,451), the Great Northern (£4,678), the North Staffordshire (£2,775), the London and South-Western (£1,644), the Sheffield (£1,478), &c. The lines showing the largest decreases were the Scotch railways, the Caledonian (£7,854) and the North British (£5,507). The Great Northern of Ireland also showed a decrease of £2,111, and the Taff Vale a decrease of £1,691.

In the early part of the week a certain amount of London buying lent a momentary steadiness to the American Railway Market; but selling in New York continued, and prices became greatly depressed by withdrawals of gold from the Treasury, by the probability of further gold shipments in the near future, and by the news of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's serious illness. The currency problem likewise helped to depress the market; and the result was an almost universal decline in prices. The weakness of the American Market affected Canadian Pacific shares, which fell on Wednesday to 61 $\frac{1}{2}$. Grand Trunk stocks were also lower. Mexican Railway stocks, on the other hand, advanced considerably, owing chiefly to the favourable traffic receipts recently announced. In the South American Market, Argentine Railways were higher as a rule.

The Foreign Market was steady, but without much business being transacted, though the Argentine Unification Bill has passed the Chamber of Deputies. Continental selling tended somewhat to lower the prices of Argentine Loans; whilst "Brazilians" have slightly fallen. There has been a rise in the Buenos Ayres gold premium. Egyptian, Italian, Russian, and Turkish stocks were fairly firm. The general Mining Market was virtually neglected, and prices remain very much as they were last week. There was a slight demand for

Indian and New Zealand securities. In Copper shares there was little or no movement. The South African Market was also quite inactive, and prices remained without any considerable alteration. Silver was firm at 31½*d.* per ounce, whilst Rupee-paper advanced to 64½.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

GOLDEN RIVER, QUESNELLE, LIMITED.

This Company has been formed, with a capital of £350,000, to acquire the rights and powers conferred by three Acts of the Legislature of British Columbia, granting the exclusive right to extract the gold and other precious metals in the entire length of the South Fork of Quesnelle River and a portion of the main river, about 9½ miles, in the district of Cariboo. The capital is divided into 247,000 Ordinary shares and 103,000 10 per cent. cumulative Preference Shares which constitute the present issue, of which 80,000 are reserved for working capital. The enterprise seems a likely one, as the results of dredging and diving are satisfactory, statutory declarations to this effect being given in the prospectus. That there is gold, and in large quantities, in this district, is evidenced by the fact that upwards of £4,000,000 in gold has already been taken from some 2½ miles of the Williams Creek. There is, however, one great obstacle to gold-mining in British Columbia which does not exist in South Africa or Western Australia—namely, the enforced cessation of work during nearly half the year as the result of the frost. This is an important point to consider before investing money in an undertaking the success of which depends upon operations in the bed of a river. Nevertheless, should the property prove as rich as the Directors are justified in expecting from the reports of those who have prospected it, investors will have no reason to complain. The Board is strong and representative, the chairman being the Agent-General for the Colony in England, and the majority of the Directors being men who have had experience in similar enterprises.

BURBANKS CONSOLS, LIMITED.

This Company differs in no way from the many others formed to acquire and develop properties in Western Australia. The mines are, of course, "immediately adjoining" those of a company the price of whose shares is worth quoting, and they are, of course, "thoroughly recommended" by a variety of M. E.'s. The property may be of great value or practically worthless.

THE DUNALLAN GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

"A proved mine. Small capital." These attractive words are set in large type above the advertisement of this Company's prospectus, together with a statement that the estimated value of ore in sight is £63,000. This estimate is a quotation from the report of a Mr. Fearby, who, we are told, has the reputation of being a very careful and cautious mining engineer. Under these circumstances, as the capital is only £85,000 in £1 shares, 20,000 of which are reserved for working capital, and as the water difficulty "does not appear to exist," we must congratulate the promoters on an act of almost aggressive philanthropy.

COWELL, CRAFT, & CO., LIMITED.

This Company is formed to acquire certain businesses in the West End of London, a careful report by Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths, & Co. showing a profit sufficient to pay 5½ per cent. on the Preference shares and 12 per cent. on the Ordinary shares of a capital of £150,000, divided into 75,000 Preference and 75,000 Ordinary shares. This conclusion is arrived at on the basis of the average profits of the three years ending 31 December, 1895. The profits of the last year were nearly £2,000 greater than those of the preceding twelve months, although they were only little in excess of the result of the business done in 1893. It would be interesting to know the cause of the fall in business and the subsequent recovery, so that one could arrive at some conclusion as to the probability of last year's profits being maintained. We note that Mr. T. E. Polden is chairman

of the Board. This gentleman is also chairman of the Royal Palace Hotel, Limited, and in this capacity might well have influenced business to a considerable amount with Cowell, Craft, & Co., who are butchers, provision merchants, and fruiterers, besides being the owners of a steam laundry and dye works at Acton. Intending investors would do well to make inquiries on this point.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"CERTAIN CRITICAL OPINIONS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 16 July, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—I am a victim to the new habit of reading ten or twenty times as much about books as I do in books. All the daily papers that I take in, or read at my club, make a great point of being "on the spot" with reviews of novels and other books which seem likely to have a vogue. If the names of certain authors are involved, you may look with confidence for a column on the very day of publication, and, as I happen to know from several cases of personal observation, if an author nowadays does not get a "notice" within two or three weeks he considers himself badly treated by the paper. As one journal after another has adopted this plan of treating the current output of books as news-matter, the taste for that kind of reading has naturally increased, until now it may be said of almost any London daily that it gladly devotes a page to "literary criticism" where ten years ago it reluctantly made room for a column.

But what "criticism" it is! And to what a pitiable state of ignorant confusion must it not be reducing the minds of this ever-increasing army of its readers! Of course it may be answered that these omnivorous devourers of the daily reviews have nothing to do with literature, one way or the other, and that they are at least as well employed in reading this stuff as in absorbing the details of the police-court proceedings. I dare say this is true enough. But what I am frightened about is the evident demoralizing effect this harum-scarum "Book of the Day" or "Book of the Week" cheap reviewing is having on the criticism of the better sort.

The "Saturday Review" almost alone has shown no sign of this deterioration in its reviewing pages. It maintains its standard, and more. But why—oh, why—on one of the other pages does it speak of Mr. Morley Roberts, who is a product of the daily-booming process if ever there was one, as if he belonged to literature?—Faithfully yours, E. J. C.

THE POOR CLERGY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 July, 1896.

SIR,—It is not generally known that the cost of managing the Church Estates is given in reports to Parliament which can be purchased at Eyre & Spottiswoode's for 7½*d.* I send you some extracts.

Ecclesiastical Commissioners show on page 6:—

Official Establishment costs	£ 32,272
Legal expenses	7,424
Surveyor	7,090
Architects	1,101

£47,887

Then we have another little bill from Queen Anne's Bounty for their pay, including the salary of an under-secretary of £700 a year, and charges of management £10,282.

Thus the cost of red tape of these two estates is nearly £60,000 a year. Very nice, no doubt, for those who have these sweet little posts with incomes, as Whitaker tells us, up to £1,000 and £1,500 a year—especially when tithes were equal to it; but now, with such hard poverty amongst the clergy, I think Parliament should inquire into the above vast sums, with a view to returning to the poorer clergy much of this pay which belongs to them.

A CONSERVATIVE CHURCHMAN.

REVIEWS.

DULL, BUT PROBABLE.

"The World and a Man." By "Z. Z." London: William Heinemann. 1896.

SOME months ago that vast public which does not read books, but which devours eagerly great stores of what it believes to be literary gossip, was supplied by the newspapers with an account of the workshop from which this book emanates. The picture was a fascinating one, but we recall from it now only the central idea of a big table, at which were seated on opposite sides two gifted brothers, each writing as fast as he knew how, and throwing the manuscript sheets on the floor, one by one, before the ink had fairly dried on them. The sheets descended in such numbers, and at such a rate of speed, that they quite filled the air. Watching them in the mind's eye, one could think only of the tireless and inexorable output of a printing-press, and imagination hastened to conjure up foremen, book-keepers, travelling salesmen, and the rest of the paraphernalia of a large commercial enterprise. In fancy one could even see a prospectus addressed to the trade, announcing that, in consequence of the gratifying success of the original venture, the machinery plant had been doubled, and with it, of course, the productive capacity of the works.

The brothers Zangwill seem both to possess some talent. They are by no means de Goncourts to begin with, and they have been born into a generation and an environment which offer few substitutes for the artistic impulses and inspirations that made the air of Paris like wine to the young men of the 'forties and 'fifties. But, at all events, they like each other well enough to be able to write at the same table, which is in itself a fact of considerable interest. It is impossible not to feel that the discovery of such a fact invites exploitation. They have treated it merely as doubling the producing powers of the table. We commend to them the idea that it may contain much higher possibilities. Let the fraternal rivalry as to which can carpet the largest area of floor with copy in the briefest space of time lapse for a while; there is always the danger that the pages of the two will get mixed, and, moreover, the world has now in stock enough of both sorts to go on with. Let the brothers, instead, agree that they will write a book between them, and that they will consume not less than a year in writing that book. It is conceivable, of course, that the result would not be up to much; but in that case it would mean simply the production of one commonplace book in the place of two or three—an outcome in which we can detect compensations. On the other hand, there is a reasonable possibility that it would be a book worth having, and for that the lettered public is always grateful. This suggestion takes it for granted that these two young men really care for the esteem of the lettered public. The tone and character of their work amply warrant this assumption. They visibly strive after quality; they are never deliberately trivial or vulgar; there is thought, or the effort at thought, in all they do. In a word, they are serious people, to whom it should not be a waste of time to proffer a serious hint.

"The World and a Man," by brother Louis, is appropriately a somewhat more youthful book than brother Israel's "The Master." Duller it could hardly be. We hasten to add that this dullness is not, on the whole, unpleasant; still less is it mere empty stupidity. The author, in a prefatory note which he calls "Foreword and Afterword," tells us that "This is a book without a purpose. The author's aim has been not to teach anything, or to prove anything, or to deal with any problems, but simply to accomplish the objective feat of exhibiting a character through the medium of thought and conduct. Symmetry of circumstance has, therefore, been subordinated to the symmetry and unity of the theme." If this means anything, it means that the writer desires to have his tale considered solely as a work of art. In this present instance it suggests the plea of the amateur photographer, who is not sure that the product of his labours is a likeness, or is in focus, or has had the right exposure, but hopes that it will be found to have some general merits, "as a picture."

The book has, indeed, many general merits. It is throughout well written, in a fluent and simple, though quite undistinguished, style. The story, such as it is, moves along coherently to a wholly consistent and intelligible close. Incidentally there are scores of episodes which every one recognizes as being admirably reported from real life. From beginning to end, indeed, there is nothing which does not seem entirely probable, considered by itself. The people look out at one, as it were, through the window of a third-class carriage at the other side of the platform. They are undeniably real; without doubt they have stories of their own—tragedies, comedies, strange romances. One concedes this while looking vaguely at the lot. If time were no object, it might be interesting to try to reconstruct some one of these individual stories; but at that moment the train moves out—and nothing has happened. In much the same way, there is undoubted realism in "Z. Z.'s" book; but, to use his own words, it neither proves nor teaches anything. The episodes are not related: the people come into view and pass out of sight with no particular reference to one another, much less to the general whole.

Inasmuch as the book is strictly the narrative of Luke Merritt's career, and contains no chapter or scene which is not devoted first of all to him, it possesses of necessity an effect of consecutiveness. But this effect is more or less illusory. We start out with this young man, and follow him through the various vicissitudes of a period of years; we see him prosperous, and again in the gutter: now in love with Minnie, and now with Edith. The journey is divided into three stages, and the names given to them—"Idealism," "Transition," and "Materialism"—indicate sufficiently the intentions of the author. Luke Merritt begins as a youth who is said to have generous aspirations and broadly Socialistic faiths; the hard struggle with the world and the flesh is supposed to knock these out of him. His alleged pursuit of the ideal lands him—ragged, starving, and morally rotten—in a fourpenny doss-house. As we have said, it all could have happened easily enough; one feels that it is happening, all about us, every day. But the perception of its entire probability does not make the narrative entertaining. It is a painstaking and veracious recital of things which nobody wants to hear about. Luke Merritt is an empty bore and cad. There is no significance in what he says and does. There is not the slightest human interest in what happens to him. In real life no reasonable person would have listened for more than two or three minutes to any attempt of his to tell the story of his misfortunes. That "Z. Z." should expect us to devote long hours to his relation of the circumstances shows a faulty conception of the value of time and the quality of patience.

No; the story is told straightforwardly and carefully enough, but it is not worth the telling. In these crowded days, selection becomes of more and more importance. Educated humanity has no leisure for mere sustained word-spinning. It demands from those who claim its ear good stories, fresh ideas, and studies of life which not only are true, but which possess the charm of poetic conception and artistic presentation. "The World and a Man" fulfils these requirements in an even smaller measure than did "The Master," but it is still possible to believe that this is the fault of the competitive rivalry which exists between those two sides of the Zangwill table. If, instead of the fraternal race for quantity, we could have a brotherly combination in the interest of quality, perhaps that interesting piece of family furniture might yet produce something worth remembering.

OLD FRENCH ROMANCES.

"Old French Romances done into English." By William Morris, with an Introduction by Joseph Jacobs. London: George Allen. 1896.

NOW Master William Morris, being a right good maker, having erewhile much good heirs of his celle fantastic, which were dainty of body and fashion, did add this thereto, that he did do into the English of the street clept Wardour yet three much fair tales of France. So the said tales were done. And he hied

him to Master Jacobs and said unto him, "Do me now, sir clerk, seeing thou wottest well of the lore of folks, a much good foreword." And Master Jacobs spake, "So help me Mahoune and Termagaunt! I will not naysay thee, only grant me that the foreword be a little one." And he said, "Sir, of a good will, and God be heried and thanked." So Master Jacobs made the foreword, and writ it clerkly, and they bare it to the house Ruskin, where wonneth one Allen, with mickle joy. And the tales fared forth into the Wood of the World, where lurk many strong-thieves, who watch for books to misdo their honour, and beray their garnishment.

A critic should be sensitive enough to catch the reflection of the leaves which overshadow him, and it is natural that we should fall into the Morrisco dialect. "We may take it," says Mr. Jacobs, "that this style has established itself as the only one suitable for a romantic version, and who shall use it with ease and grace if not its original inventor?" We are not to question its grace or its suitability, for did not Mr. Morris use it as long ago as 1869 in his version of the Sagas? Here is an example from the present volume:—"Now the Count of Ponthieu, with whom beginneth this tale, had a wife, a much good dame: of the said dame he had a daughter much good, and of much avail, the which waxed in great beauty and multiplied in much good; and she was of well sixteen years of age. But within the third year of her birth, her mother died, whereof sore troubled she was and much sorrowful." The purpose of a translation, as we take it, is to reproduce the original in substance, and as far as may be in spirit and in style. But these old French romances were not written in an affected archaic manner; in their grace and their art is something of directness, of naturalness, of spontaneity. They stepped with freedom and ease; the garments which they wore did not impede the movements of feet and arms. Mr. Morris robes his narrative in a costume which might look well upon a lay-figure, but which cumbers and impedes a living creature. He sacrifices life for literary bric-à-brac. It is not that any reader, possessing a small amount of cultivation, fails to catch the meaning; we understand well enough the sense of "mesel folk both carles and queans." But the spirit of the original is falsified by a manufactured archaism. We lose the play of truth in the constant presence of a sham antique. The last attainment of literary scholarship would be to approach the originals, and enter into them as a contemporary reader or auditor of the tales might have done. To flaunt in our faces cheap rags of old English is not difficult; it certainly does not aid us in a comprehension of the past. The resources of simple, graceful, dignified, living English are great; it need not be the English of the newspaper; but neither will it be the stucco mediævalism of these pages. "And his son did do bury him, and did do render him his service, even as one should do for the dead"—it will require more than Mr. Jacobs's persuasiveness to make us sensible of the ease and grace of ungainly locutions, which the genius of our language has considered, condemned, and finally discarded.

But the tales themselves, which have been disfigured by the obstinacy in error of a man of genius, if not the best that could be chosen, are worthy of translation. "Amis and Amile," the idealization of self-sacrificing friendship, was translated, in the days of its early popularity, into many tongues; it is found in English verse; it was brought into connexion with the Carolingian cycle; the faithful friends became religious martyrs in the devout imagination of the middle ages. "King Florus and the Fair Jehane" is a variant of the tale found in the thirteenth-century "Romance of the Violet," in a novel of Boccaccio, and in Shakspeare's "Cymbeline." Sir Robin wagers with Sir Raoul for his wife's fidelity; she is basely calumniated, follows her indignant husband in the disguise of a squire, and, after faithful service, is vindicated. "The History of Over Sea" is again a tale of wifely loyalty, patience, and victorious love, in which the scene shifts from France to the land of the Saracens. "King Constans the Emperor" tells of a child of humble birth fated by the stars to be the emperor; the decree is strangely fulfilled, and his fortune changes the name of Byzance to Constantinople.

It would be an error of criticism either to depreciate

the interest of these romances or to exaggerate their beauty. The mediæval revival of the present century has quickened and enlarged our historical feeling for literature. It will have done its work best if it leaves us just to the far nobler art of the classical period in which the genius of France found its highest expression. Only when reason seized on what was best worth preserving from the past, and made romance its own, did the mind of France attain its full development. The mysteries of the Middle Ages are worthy of study, but chiefly because at a later period Corneille wrote his "Polyeucte." The *esprit Gaulois* may be found in a crude form in the fabliaux; but if we would find it purified and perfected we must read Molière. And when the gallant extravagances of the tales of chivalry have fatigued our imagination, we can return more gladly to rest or to revel in the good sense and the good humour of Gil Blas. Erudition is admirable, and the enthusiasm of erudition; but not its superstition. Nothing can alter the established standards. The swing of public taste caused by the romantic movement, inaugurated by Chateaubriand, and by that admirable scholarship which followed the outburst of imagination in France, has reached its term. Criticism has recovered its sanity, which was for a time disturbed. If we enter the enchanted wood of mediæval literature, let us take "Athalie" with us as a talisman, and we shall be safe. Backwards and forwards we may work from the age of Louis XIV., but to it we must always return. The name of Boileau has been decried; but we shall never understand French literature aright until we restore to him his title of legislator of the French Parnassus.

LORETO.

"Loreto, the New Nazareth, and its Centenary Jubilee." By William Garratt, Chamberlain of the Holy House. London: Art and Book Company. 1895.

WE have read this book with keen interest and with profit. All the world has heard of the Holy House of Loreto; there is no more notorious shrine in Western Christendom. But comparatively few people know in detail the history of this House, what precisely it is, how it came to stand where it does, what marvels there are connected with it, indisputably proving its authenticity to an ingenuous inquirer and to the confusion of a stiff-necked and rebellious world. Now upon all these points Mr. William Garratt, Chamberlain of the Holy House, speaks as one having authority, with boundless enthusiasm and with uncompromising intimacy and directness. Whatever else there may be in his book there is at least no "economy" of the truth. Mr. Garratt has made an exhaustive study of everything that concerns his subject, and he sets forth the results of his study, not for an inner circle of devotees, but for the world at large to meditate on, without reticence and without fear.

We have read his book, therefore, with interest—which, perhaps, goes without saying. But we have read it also with profit. We would not be misunderstood. In saying this we by no means intend to imply that Mr. Garratt's ardent faith, or his facts, or his arguments have brought us one iota nearer towards submission to the Roman Catholic Church. But the Roman Catholic Church in England at the present moment is undoubtedly very much to the front. She proclaims herself very openly; she speaks with increasing vigour and assurance; she is courted, and even, if we may say so, somewhat fawned upon by society and by a certain class of literary men and journalists; it has become almost a "note" of culture and good breeding to affect an exceeding admiration for her as the only form of religion possible to a truly educated man. Now under these circumstances the profit to be got from reading such a book as Mr. Garratt's is this—our eyes are opened to see what an acceptance of Roman Catholicism means, what is involved in that particular form of the Christian faith to a sincere believer in it. If the truth must be spoken, a very large number of persons amongst us, of various sorts and for various reasons, are to-day playing with Roman Catholicism. Supposing to-morrow Roman Catholicism could go a step beyond

holding up its head in our midst boldly—supposing it could become dominant. To what state of mind as regards belief and devotion would this imply our coming? Mr. Garratt's book now under our notice gives us an admirably clear idea. And in order to show what that state would be, we cannot do better than gather from his pages into a short space the story of the Holy House of Loreto.

On 10 May, 1291, the house at Nazareth in which Jesus and the Virgin Mary had lived was miraculously severed from its foundations, borne through the air, and deposited on the hill of Tersatto, in Illyria. Here it remained for three years; but on 10 December, 1294, it was again miraculously removed by the Virgin herself and the holy angels—this time into Italy—and set in the midst of a wood belonging to a certain Lady Lauretta, in the neighbourhood of Recanati. Owing, however, to the constant violence of robbers, who attacked the pilgrims flocking to this sacred spot, on a morning in August 1295 the House was again miraculously removed through the air a mile further inland, till it rested on a cultivated hill, the joint property of two brothers, the Counts Stephen and Simon Rinaldi de Antici. For a time all went well; but these brothers, overcome by a desire of gain aroused in them by the rich offerings of the pilgrims, began at length a violent quarrel as to which of them belonged the ownership of the ground; and the sacred building, being in danger of defilement through fratricidal bloodshed, was a fourth time supernaturally borne off, and finally planted in the middle of a public road belonging to the commune of Recanati, crushing down in its descent, as was discovered in 1751, a certain prickly bush by the roadside, and covering over some acorn-shells, a snail-shell, and a dried nut. Almost immediately the authorities hastened to surround the Holy House with a brick wall for purposes of support, inasmuch as it had no foundations; but the sacred walls would never adhere to the new ones, and broke asunder so far that a little child could pass between with a light in his hand, to show the people, when necessary, the truth of this separation.

We have not space, nor for our present purpose is it necessary, to continue the history of the Holy House further. Its subsequent history does not indeed give us marvels greater than those we have thus briefly enumerated, for that were impossible; but we may state that it gives us many as great, and as indisputably attested.

There are certain things in Roman Catholicism, which are *de fide*, to believe them is incumbent on a man absolutely. Such beliefs, however, as that in the Holy House of Loreto (and of these the number is indeed legion), are undoubtedly not *de fide*: a man may be a genuine Roman Catholic, and yet to this or that marvel of the kind, very authoritatively commended to him and almost universally accepted by his co-religionists, he may not see his way to giving credence. If he does not see his way, no responsible theologian would tell him that he must believe anyhow, or be anathema. And this distinction between what is *de fide* and what is not is by the Roman authorities made much of, and very reasonably and wisely made much of, especially under certain conditions of propagandism. When any body of individuals feel the existence and multiplicity of beliefs, such as this one respecting the Holy House, to be a stumbling-block, authority is at once forthcoming, nay, quite honestly forthcoming, to assure them that here there will be no compulsion put upon their faith, that they will be free to believe, or to disbelieve, or to hold their assent in abeyance. Surely such a policy is altogether reasonable and practical. Yes, no doubt—in theory, on paper, as a dialectical move to win adherents and to silence gain-sayers. But the fact remains that beliefs and devotions of the kind now before us have become practically, by their number and by the support given them, of the very contexture of the Roman Church; they colour it through and through, as it prevails they increase. And it is this fact, which, if we are wise, we shall weigh with ourselves to-day, when Roman Catholicism to so many of us seems to be so winning and reasonable. Are we prepared to accept what it would assuredly bring along with it, supposing those circumstances were no longer in operation which render it at the moment cautious, conciliatory, accommodating?

AN AMERICAN SENATOR.

"Newton Booth of California: his Speeches and Addresses." Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by L. E. Crane. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

THE subject of this biography combined within himself many of the characteristics of the American race—its shrewdness, practical good sense, native wit, and energy. But he had also what is not so common in the average Yankee politician, a fine appreciation of literary culture. This gave a breadth to his sympathies which makes his oratory incisive and effective.

The main facts of Newton Booth's life may be put within a brief compass. His parents were of Quaker descent, and both were remarkable for high character and wide influence. In 1850 Booth went to California by the Nicaragua route, and settled down for a time in Amador County. Then he proceeded to Sacramento, where he accumulated a small fortune in mercantile business. He made a tour of Europe in 1857-9; early in 1860 he returned to the State of his adoption, his mind matured and enriched by travel, study and experience, and he resumed business at Sacramento. In 1862 he was elected State Senator; in 1871 he was chosen Governor of California; and in 1873 he was elected United States Senator from California for six years, commencing 4 March, 1875. After the expiration of his term he travelled abroad at various times. He died at Sacramento in July 1892.

As Governor of California, Booth seems to have done his duty unflinchingly, and without fear or favour. He pursued a prudent financial policy, and his general administration of affairs was firm and wise. He exhibited remarkable cleverness in dealing with certain criminals. A brutal assassin condemned to death feigned insanity so artistically that the Governor was in doubt. He induced the superintendent of the State insane asylum to spend a week—disguised as a prisoner—in gaol with the murderer. The result was convincing proof of sanity, and execution followed. Having had occasion to suspect the most important Board of Commissioners in the State of being corrupt, the Governor acted instantly, examined affairs personally, and went from investigation to immediate prosecution. One of the Commissioners resigned with clean hands; another died pending trial under indictment; while the chief offender went to the State prison for six years. In the United States Senate Booth served on many important Committees, and whenever he spoke in full Session it was generally with polished force, as well as with a thorough knowledge of the subject in hand. When speculators in the United States lost their heads during the railway mania, Booth kept his, and said, "I do not concur in the new Scriptural reading, 'Sell all that thou hast, and give it to a railway Company.'" He was a foe to Communism, and remarked on one occasion, "The man who has earned his dollar by the honest sweat of his brow, or by his brain, and the man who has received by inheritance, or who has accumulated by industry, energy, thrift, frugality, foresight, or good luck, I would protect in his fortune, small or great, by every sanction or muniment of law." In the course of one of his public speeches he thus spoke of himself:—"I dare say this of myself in my public career—there has never been a time when I would not have stood uncovered before the smith at his stithy, the hod-carrier at the ladder, or the prisoner in his cell, to apologize for any wrong done by mistake or inadvertence; and if there has ever been a time when I would have touched my hat or abated a hair's-breadth of my manhood in the presence of wealth or power for the sake of patronage or place, I trust its memory may be blotted out; and I am too old to change."

Just before his death he destroyed a large mass of manuscript, including his voluminous correspondence, undelivered lectures, a diary kept during boyhood and college life, and his notes of travel. Certain lectures, however, on "Charles James Fox," "Morals and Politics," &c., have been preserved, as well as a number of magazine articles. If these do not reveal the profound thinker, they, at any rate, show their author to

have been a man of reading and reflection. Altogether, these memorials present us with the picture of a typical mid-century bourgeois citizen, honest and truthful, according to his lights.

THE GREENGROCER'S SENSE OF HUMOUR.

"My Laughing Philosopher." By Eden Phillpotts. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1896.

MR. PHILLPOTTS appears to be a very helot of that "new humour" whose sign-manual is the complete absence alike of novelty and humour. There is a certain class of cad which derives infinite mirth from fleas, sea-sickness, falls in the street, and so forth; they cannot hear of a baby's teething troubles without yearning to join in the convulsions. To them the new humour is particularly directed. We only wonder that they and it should stick at trifles. Carry their sense of humour to a logical conclusion, and think what a good joke an earthquake would be: only imagine all the people running about in their night-shirts; what fun might be derived from epidemics with all sorts of nauseous symptoms to deride in detail!

The idea of "My Laughing Philosopher" was not impossible of readable treatment. A bronze bust was gifted with speech once every 500 years for thirty nights between twelve and one. It had accordingly the observations of a prodigious period to relate, and in proper hands might have afforded some slight amusement or interest. But Mr. Phillpotts confronts it with a Brixton burgher, who spends most of the time in reciting Brixton gossip and dull doggerel. The way the latter is brought in suggests an imitation of Wendell Holmes—not a high ideal to begin with, but one evidently quite out of Mr. Phillpotts's reach. We have an account of a Brixton astrologer, named Green, which prompts the following strikingly original remarks about astrology and alchemy from the bust:—"From the ashes of one rose the most notable occupation you men can employ time upon—I mean astronomy; while from the empiric nonsense of the other evolved, by gradual stages—no touchstone, indeed, but a greater thing—chemistry, the science of the elements." We believe something very like this profound information is taught in infant schools. Then we have a story of one Joseph Nathan, who, meeting Baron Baumgertz, a great financier in want of cigarette papers, tore up a 5*l.* note, and pretended it was a 100*l.* note. Strangely enough, the great financier knew the difference, and when he died he left Nathan some advice in his will. "In that he sacrificed a five-pound note to my pressing requirements," it ran, "he did well and put me under no small obligation; but in that he endeavoured to unduly increase the obligation by telling a foolish lie, he did foolishly." Then we have a pointless story about one Pugsley—not Phillpotts, but Pugsley—going to a desert island and being treated as a god, because he wore spectacles. "I was an extremely neat thing in gods," the man says in the usual counter-jumper lingo. Of course there is a chapter on amateur photography, and of course it contains a story about some one losing a legacy through an amateur photograph. "You have all the instincts of an amateur photographer," says the bust to the author, and for once he has summed up Phillpotts to a potful. Another chapter treats of amateur actors, who are sneered at for doing their little best, which was very little, to be sure, but scarcely deserved notice even from Phillpotts. The fact that a cat appeared on the castle wall during the ghost-scene in "Hamlet" is considered so thrilling that it is accompanied by a full-page illustration, though the only result was that "some of the band saw it, and laughed." Terrible catastrophe!

Perhaps the worst chapter of all the dismal array is one "concerning buttons." After some original remarks about shirt-buttons and offertories, an encyclopædic reference to Mandarins' buttons, and a dismal rigmarole about some one who went to a desert isle and turned some sacks of buttons into coinage, Phillpotts comes to his final effort and says, "I'll tell you another button-story, then cut the sitting short." "The shorter the better," the bust answers, and for once it speaks sensibly; "candidly, I am a trifle weary of you this even-

ing." This is the story, which for charming vulgarity and imbecility may be taken as a type of Mr. Phillpotts and his school:—"There was once a little naked boy in a bath being scrubbed by an ancient woman. The little naked boy examined his minute person with considerable interest and curiosity, as small boys will. Presently something much puzzled (*sic*) him, and, pointing to the pit of his fat little stomach, he asked his nurse for some explanation of it. 'That?' replied the venerable soul, pursuing her task with soap and flannel, 'that's where God buttoned you up, laddie.'" But where does the greengrocer's smile come in here?

On the whole, the only question aroused by "My Laughing Philosopher" is whether there is less laughter or less philosophy to be derived from it. We do not pretend to solve the conundrum.

WITH AN AMBULANCE DURING THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

"With an Ambulance during the Franco-German War." By Charles E. Ryan, F.R.C.S.I., M.R.C.P.I., Knight of the Order of Louis II. of Bavaria. London: John Murray. 1896.

MR. RYAN is too modest and diffident as to his literary powers. More than once he is careful to disclaim any pretension to ability with the pen, and indeed assures us that this is his first effort in authorship. We can only say that we would encourage him to persevere, for he has undoubtedly considerable natural talent, and can tell a stirring story well and graphically. The foundation of his present book is a series of notes and memoranda jotted down during a voluntary experience of active service in 1870-71 with an Anglo-American ambulance. How much the self-sacrificing surgeons who so generously placed their services at the disposal of their fellow-men underwent in the way of dangers and hardships during that eventful period we leave the readers of these pages to discover. Suffice it for us to say that nothing more admirable than the spirit which seems to have been evinced by all concerned is to be found in any narrative of that great campaign. What was accomplished under the circumstances only those who have seen the sufferings entailed by war can realize, and it can only be adequately expressed by the wretched wounded men who owe their lives to the care and attention of these good Samaritans. Mr. Ryan does well to publish what was at first not intended for more than the perusal of his family; for it will serve, we trust, to nerve others to similar efforts in the cause of humanity should such services again be called for in Europe. Although as a medical man he was busy almost the entire day, and sometimes a great part of the night with his own particular duties, he yet managed to hear and see a good deal of the military operations that were going on, and now and again he throws a side light on the purely military side of the subject which will interest students of the causes which underlie success or failure in war.

The most interesting portion of the book is perhaps that which tells the tale of Sedan. Zola has of course here somewhat anticipated our author, but it is extremely interesting to read the latter's account, and to note how closely much of what is said corroborates the "Débâcle." We catch glimpses of the Emperor, as Mr. Ryan saw him, and as we hear of him in that book, pacing restlessly up and down, pallid, ill, and worn out by disease and anxiety. The scenes in the Bois de Garenne and Bazeilles are reproduced with a vividness of description which would not shame the French novelist. Again, we are reminded how bravely the French soldiers fought until all hope of success had to be abandoned, and, although we fear their officers were unworthy of their men as a rule, examples of chivalrous courage were given by them also. Our author vouches for this tale of heroism on the part of one whom he attended to in his ambulance. The man was but twenty-three, had been in action for seven hours and had received a bayonet thrust through the cheek. Then "his horse was shot under him during the flight of the French towards Sedan. Still undismayed, he provided himself with one of the chassepots lying about, and falling in with a

body of marines, the best men in the French army, he, in company with his gallant band, faced the enemy again. Numbers of his companions fell; he himself got a bullet through the right elbow. Promptly tearing his pocket-handkerchief into strips with his teeth, he tied up his wounds, and securing his wrist to his belt, seized his sword, and determined to fight on. Unfortunately, the fragments of a shell struck him again, shattering the right shoulder." In this plight he mounted a stray horse, and eventually joined his companions in Sedan, where he sank fainting from the saddle. Such men as this were worthy of better leadership than they received, and no one will read without feelings of the strongest resentment and contempt such passages as that on page 58, where Mr. Ryan describes the scenes he saw in cafés, and the opinions he heard expressed there. Equally graphic is his description of the German grandes he saw sauntering about Versailles later on, when he was with the winning side, and most humorous is his account of how he often met a prince, a duke, or a general walking about the streets munching alternately a piece of raw ham or sausage from one hand, and a chunk of bread from the other, and the curious habits of not a few "whose high-sounding names read well in the Gazette." Another point which did not escape Mr. Ryan's observation, and which all nations that rely on a voluntary army would do well to ponder, was the educational as well as physical superiority of the Germans over the French. The rank and file of the conquering army not only fully represented the best bone and blood and muscle of their country, but the best brains too. It was a contest in which discipline and intelligence threw their weight overpoweringly into one scale. Mr. Ryan even goes so far as to say that it was a contest of "science against civilization." One side was governed by rules drawn up according to a well thought out system and method. They killed their opponents, not because they hated them, but because they were told to do so; and a sense of duty will take a man further than any passionate feeling of hatred or revenge, or any fiery enthusiasm for a sentiment or a flag. It is such evidence as this as to the characteristics of the soldiers who fought against one another a quarter of a century ago that makes this book especially interesting, and we feel sure that it will find all the favour it deserves. It is an ungracious task to point out minor errors where the mass is so praiseworthy; but we think Mr. Ryan is making a mistake when he says that Colonel Lloyd-Lindsay, President of the English Society in Paris, belonged to the R.A. We imagine he is now known as Lord Wantage, and belonged to the Guards when he was with the colours.

MONEY AND PRICES.

"Money and its Relation to Prices." Social Science Series. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Limited. 1896.

MR. PRICE, the Bursar of Oriel, is Newmarch Lecturer in Statistics at University College, London, and the book before us is the revised and recast form of lectures delivered in this capacity in the summer of 1895. We may say at once that it puts in small compass the thought and research of the majority of modern economists on the subject of which it treats.

The sub-title shews that it is an inquiry into the causes, measurement, and effects of changes in general prices. Mr. Price's first question relates to the means we have of accurately ascertaining and measuring changes in price or alterations in the purchasing power of money. A short but comprehensive survey of the various Index Numbers and their methods leads him to conclude that we have in them an instrument sufficient for the purpose; and, further, that they all, whether simple or weighted, arithmetical, geometrical, or median, concur substantially in their results. Now these Index Numbers, while primarily statistical, serve a practical end: at the same time as they measure the changes in the purchasing power of money, they declare and exhibit the imperfections of the precious metals in an important part of their money work, in which they act as standards for deferred payments. Debts, of course, have to be repaid in money, not in commodities,

while it is commodities that really, in intention, are borrowed and lent. Mr. Price, indeed, seems to think it scarcely worth arguing that, in the debtor and creditor relation, if regard is to be had to equity, the purchasing power of money should remain unaltered during the currency of the relation. "The fact is that the ordinary business of society proceeds on the assumption that the purchasing power of money continues unchanged, and on such an assumption alone can permanence be given to social arrangements."

This raises the next question: If the nature of metallic money, as subject to conditions of production which are mutable, necessarily causes changes in price quite apart from the changes which would occur from the relations of supply and demand between commodities themselves, is it better that the change should be in the direction of raising or depressing prices? Here the author emphasizes, and we think justly, the influence of imagination as an economic factor, particularly when credit lends it wings. "He must be a dull or blind observer who does not realize how a succession of rising prices may kindle the imagination and encourage enterprise, and how a series of falling prices may produce despondency, if not inertia or despair." The personage in the industrial world specially liable to be influenced by this imagination is the employer—the pivot, pioneer, organizer, and buffer. At the same time, as the employer generally trades to a large extent with borrowed money, he is adversely affected by any tendency which increases the burden of his debt. Balancing carefully, then—and Mr. Price seems to us scrupulously fair, moderate, and honest in this—the numbers and claims of the various parties affected, and noting, what is often forgotten, that the interests of creditor as well as of debtor classes are "finally affected by whatever tends to advance or hinder general prosperity," Mr. Price concludes, with Jevons, and probably with most modern economists, that, "if some movement be inevitable, expediency appears to dictate that it should, if possible, be that of a rise and not a fall."

Turning now to history for illustration and proof, Mr. Price discusses the course of prices in four periods when the precious metal supply was notoriously affected. The first period covers the sixteenth and part of the seventeenth century. The differentiation of this period is that elaborate systems of credit were unknown; the channels of trade were few; and the effect of an influx of money was more direct and easily traced. In fifty-four years from the discovery of America the supply of the precious metals increased by 50 per cent. In 1546 Potosi was discovered, and by the end of the century, it seems safe to say, the quantity of coin in Europe had trebled and perhaps quadrupled (Jacob). Without pinning our faith to definite percentages, it is certain that the rise in prices was very great—Mr. Price puts it at 208 per cent.—and Adam Smith at least had no doubt as to the causal relation between the two; there never, he said, had been any dispute either about the fact or about the cause of it. On balancing the gain and loss to different classes, Mr. Price has no hesitation in agreeing with the words of Tooke and Newmarch when they said:—"We have the fullest warrant for concluding that any partial inconvenience that might arise from the effect of the American supplies of the sixteenth century in raising prices was compensated and repaid a hundredfold by the activity, the expansion and vigour which they impressed for more than one generation upon every enterprise, and every act which dignifies human life or increases human happiness."

The second period taken is the first half of the present century. The facts as to the supplies of the precious metals are: a decline in the annual production from an average of £8,000,000 from 1700 to 1810 to £5,000,000 thereafter (Jacob), or 40 per cent. between 1810 and 1830 (Soetbeer). As to the phenomena of prices, Mr. Price collates the testimony of Sauerbeck and Jevons to establish a steady upward inclination until 1809, followed by a pronounced downward trend from 1809 till 1849, marking a fall of some 40 to 50 per cent. Commenting on the cause often alleged for this fall—the activity of production—Mr. Price points out that we find very much the same manufacturing development and industrial transforma-

tion up till 1810 as we find afterwards, and that the fall in prices in the latter period cannot very well be ascribed to a cause which was as operative in the former period when prices were rising. As to the effects of the fall, however, Mr. Price gives conspicuous evidence of his fairness in saying that it is impossible to disentangle it from the operation of such extraordinary causes as the great war and the disorganization which followed its close.

The third period is that following the great gold discoveries in California and Australia in 1848 and 1851, and here the modern problem asserts itself, in that new and counteracting influences were present to prevent many of the phenomena which had occurred under similar changed conditions of supply. The new gold and silver penetrated more rapidly alike into the highways and byways of commercial intercourse, and the stimulus applied both to production and population was more speedily manifest. For now, as Jevons said, nothing was more insidious, slow, and imperceptible than the fall in the value of gold.

The annual production of gold in the fourth decade was £2,830,300; in the seventh it was £28,144,950, or an increase of 1,300 per cent. in a quarter of a century; the suddenness of the increase between the fourth and fifth decade being no less remarkable than the increase itself. Yet, with all this influx of the common denominator, Jevons put down the permanent rise in prices, due to the increased supply, at no more than 18 per cent., and this conclusion is practically the same as that of Sauerbeck and Soetbeer. The insignificance of this rise as compared with that of the sixteenth century Mr. Price attributes to such causes as the relative magnitude of the stock in 1850, the expansion of credit, and the absorption of gold by the bimetallic mints releasing silver for the East. This is one of the best proofs of the bimetallic contention that the rehabilitation of silver by international agreement would have little more effect on prices than that of preventing a further fall. Of the beneficent effects of this rise of prices on general welfare Mr. Price, with characteristic reserve, is content to say that "the gold discoveries were at least a contributory cause, along with free trade and railway construction."

The fourth period taken is that of the last twenty years, and follows the reports of late Royal Commissions and the usual bimetallic argument: that prices in gold countries, as distinct from silver countries, have fallen some 37 per cent.; that the only, but the seemingly adequate, explanation of this is the new demands made on gold; and that the pernicious effects of this fall on the welfare of the employing classes, particularly in agriculture, is what might have been expected from the impossibility of adjusting fixed charges to the general fall in price of produce. We fear, however, that Sir Robert Giffen will scarcely be pleased to see his unquestioned authority as a statistician appealed to so often against his known views as an economist.

As will be seen, we have confined ourselves to the merest outline of Mr. Price's argument. We have said nothing by way of criticism.

EVANGELICAL RHETORIC.

"On Sermon Preparation." By various Writers. Edited by Rev. A. R. Buckland. London: Seeley & Co. 1896.

THIS is a book of recipes for producing sermons of the so-called Evangelical type, and its chief interest lies in the fact that it is a straw which marks that the wind is slowly veering round again towards a study of rhetoric. If people have got to persuade one another *viva voce*, they may as well study the art of persuasive speech instead of merely sneering at it; for though the abuse of rhetoric is dangerous, the lack of rhetoric turns sermons into lullabies and speeches into sheer waste of breath, besides causing still more dangerous irritation and misunderstanding. With a healthy feeling that his co-religionists' oratory is mostly intolerable, the editor of the "Record" invited the chief orators of his party to teach the rest how the thing should be done. The first choice fell upon the Bishop of Ripon, but beyond a vague recommendation

to order and a warning against fire in the exordium he has little to say. Next comes the Dean of Norwich. He hints that a discourse may be over-prepared and be worse than a simple exposition, warns folk against divisions in a sermon, and bids them avoid "in conclusion." Dean Farrar then climbs the bema and begins modestly, recommending swiftness, the knowledge of books as a whole, and moderate plagiarism. He bans books of anecdote, and professes himself a disciple of the poets. Archdeacon Sinclair begins with much dull exhortation to virtue, commonplace books, and commentaries; and then makes the valuable point that style is infectious, and that lessons in elocution do good. Canon Tristram gives his own autobiography, but his only message is to use concretes instead of abstracts. The Principal of Ridley Hall thinks that holiness is the great corrective for mixed metaphor and general stupidity. The Principal of Wycliffe Hall decries paper and self-consciousness and a want of system, and then goes off at a tangent upon clerical reading. The Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe contradicts most of this, and is all for paper. The Rev. W. Hay Aitken recommends simple talking and hates a monotonous voice, but has no receipts for the form of rhetoric he admires. The Rev. A. J. Harrison is inclined to do the logic himself, but to trust One above for the rhetoric, and thereby commits himself to a piece of fundamental nonsense, which is the ruin of his clerical brethren, and having advised them very badly, he rushes away on to the matter of evidential sermons, and leaves the manner to inspiration or carelessness. The Rev. Henry Sutton again says "prayer and pains," but beyond the meagre hint that sermons improve by repetition and that missionary anecdotes should appear real, he adds nothing to the general stock. None of these writers has the faintest inkling that rhetoric is an art, and that an art has laws, which must be found out by the study of good examples before it can possibly be taught, and the melancholy revelation is made by this little piece of bookmaking that the chosen orators who represent that school of thought which, of all others, attaches most weight to preaching, have no clear ideas as to the laws of persuasive speech, and if they themselves manage to persuade people, it is by a kind of instinctive enthusiasm which they cannot explain or account for. Apparently not one of these gentlemen sees that the art of speaking and the art of writing differ very widely; none of them has a notion that the passions may be roused, regulated, or cowed by rhetoric, that the style of address may vary with the subject and the audience; and few of them know that elocution has a fixed relation to rhetoric and is not a gift of nature like red hair or tallness. This curious revelation of the low state of the art, and of the fact that those who are supposed to excel in it do so at random and haphazard, makes this book worthy of a longer notice than its merits call for. If it makes people reflect that religion gains nothing by the thoughtless style of preaching, it may open the way for the saner and older appreciation of a noble art, now lost for a time in the fogs of Philistia.

EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION.

"Egypt Exploration Fund. Archaeological Report, 1893-1894." London: Offices of the Fund.

THIS is the second Report of the Committee of the Exploration Fund, and deals with the general progress of the work. It is carefully drawn up by Mr. F. L. Griffith, and contains an interesting account of the clearing out of the famous temple known by its Arab name, Dyr al Bahari, or Deir el Bahari, the Convent of the North. This is by Mr. Naville, and he had the assistance of two enthusiastic Egyptologists in Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Newberry. The last-named has made a plan. It would seem that the temple must have been commenced by Thothmes II., the brother of Queen Hatasus, or, as Mr. Naville prefers to call her, Hatshepsu. There are difficulties in both ways of spelling this great Queen's name, and it is very probable that neither Hatasu or Hatshepsu is correct. Perhaps in the course of further excavations some variant of the hieroglyphics may be discovered which will give us the true pronunciation. In the British Museum, the form

Hat-shep-set is adopted. The spelling Hashops has only brevity to recommend it. Hatshepsu, then, appears to have been a lady of uncommon vigour. She erected the great granite obelisks in the Temple of Karnak, of which the one still standing measures 108 feet in height, and consists of a single block of Syenite or red granite. She sent peaceful expeditions down the Red Sea, to a country which the Egyptians considered sacred, Pûn or Punt by name, which seems to be somewhere near the modern Aden. She completed her father's, brother's, and her own last resting-place at Deir el Bahari, and the sculpture on the walls—almost the last we see before the old traditions of art had finally died out—in which she is represented sitting in judgment as a king, with a kingly beard tied on. A similar arrangement obtains in a beautiful granite bust at Gizeh, representing Queen Thya, as regent, with a similar beard. The French have unfortunately labelled it Merenptah, but there was no such art surviving in the days of the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Hatshepsu succeeded an elder brother, whose reign appears to have been short, and brought up a younger brother, who succeeded her. There is great obscurity about the early history of Thothmes III. Some think he was Hatshepsu's son. It is certain that she sent him into Lower Egypt to learn soldiering, and she may have hoped he would die in the unwholesome air of the marshes there. It used to be believed that he dethroned her and destroyed her monuments, but there can be little doubt that Khnenaten wrought more than his share in the work of destruction. Mr. Naville appears certain that Thothmes III. was neither the brother nor the son of the Queen, but the son of her deceased brother, Thothmes II. This theory is as much beset with difficulties as either of the others; but when we remember that Hatshepsu must have reigned 3,500 years ago at least, the wonder is, not that we know so little, but so much. We regret to observe that Mr. Naville, in speaking of the central museum, spells the name Ghizeh. The Arabic letter, *jeem* or *jim*, is pronounced in Egypt like *g* in "gig," not like *g* in "gin." *Gh* is the Arabic ghain, a guttural entirely different from *jeem*, and most difficult for Europeans to pronounce. Mr. Griffith gives the name correctly as Gizeh in other parts of the book.

The survey of the progress of Egyptology by Mr. Griffith will be found valuable. He begins by speaking of "a black cloud overhead" in the shape of the projected Aswan dam, which, he thinks, "will be the cause of a more rapid and wholesale destruction of antiquities than has ever before been known." He goes on to describe Dr. Petrie's work at Coptos, and evidently thinks the limestone monoliths, found under a Ptolemaic pavement, are really prehistoric. Unfortunately, it is much easier to believe that, far from being prehistoric, they are the clumsy work of a late age and unskilled hands. The discoveries of M. de Morgan at Dahshur are described. Mr. Fraser has been carrying on researches under the direction of the authorities of the Gizeh Museum, and has found many traces round Tehneh, a town on the east bank nearly opposite Minyeh, of the ancient civilization. Mr. Griffith next reviews the texts lately published, dwelling specially on the historical value of an autobiography of Una, an officer under Teta, the founder of the sixth dynasty. This inscription has been discovered in a tomb at Aswan, and is found to be later in date by some years than a similar inscription on one of the monuments preserved at Gizeh. A few curious particulars occur also in the tomb of Herkhuf, and there is a letter from the young king, Pepi II., urging his envoy to take great care of a dwarf dancer, whom he has obtained in the south. "My majesty desires to see this *Denk* more than the products of the mines and of Punt."

Mr. Cecil Smith follows Mr. Griffith with a brief account of Græco-Egyptian antiquities recently discovered. It is now ten years since Professor Petrie, excavating at Naucratis, opened up a new field of research. The early civilization of Europe can only be understood through some knowledge of Egypt. Mr. Smith speaks of remains of the Mycenaean period as illustrated by Dr. Petrie's discoveries at Kahun and Gurob. He goes with much impartiality into the contending views of the learned on this subject. After the

Mycenaean period we have that of the Ionian remains at Naucratis and Daphnæ. A French student, M. D. Mallet, has taken the subject up very seriously, and Mr. Smith quotes his opinion as to the influence of Egypt on Greece in the sixth century B.C. Thirdly, the Greek or Græco-Roman portraits which Dr. Petrie brought from the Fayoum are discussed. The concluding paragraph of Mr. Smith's summary begins with the announcement, "Once more the tomb of Alexander has been discovered." He goes on to observe that we may expect this announcement regularly every three years. He does not mention the now famous sentence placed in the leading guide-book for Syrian travellers. The writer, another Mr. Smith, mentions the discovery of a sarcophagus near Sidon, and adds, in italics, "The tomb has since been identified as that of Alexander the Great himself!" This was published just three years ago, so that Mr. Cecil Smith is undoubtedly right in expecting a triennial recurrence of the discovery.

MR. RUTHERFORD'S ARISTOPHANES.

"Scholia Aristophanica: being such Comments adscript to the Text of Aristophanes as have been preserved in the Codex Ravennas." Arranged, Emended, and Translated by William G. Rutherford, Headmaster of Westminster. In 3 vols. Vols. I. and II. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

IT is a not unusual practice with those who have to prepare a ponderous blue-book embodying the labours of a Royal Commission to issue the Report first and to bring out the Minutes of Evidence in a supplementary volume. The result generally is that the first is read and criticized while the latter are ignored. Mr. Rutherford, as an experienced headmaster, is well up to all possible wiles for shirking work, and in following the opposite plan is determined that his labours on the Scholia of Aristophanes shall obtain due recognition. Still we cannot think him altogether well advised in publishing these two enormous volumes of text in advance of the "speculations and theories" which he promises in a third. It is almost impossible to deal with the bulk of disconnected matter thus thrown at one's head without some clue, more detailed than the remarks in his Introduction, to the principles by which he has been guided or which he is seeking to establish. Having written so much by way of mild deprecation, we have nothing further to express but wondering praise of the industry and energy which have enabled the editor to put his erudition to a permanently useful purpose, and produce a work which brings a substantial increment to the sum of English learning, and proves that there are in this country scholars, besides Mayor and Munro and Robinson Ellis, who can rival the Germans in their own field. We await, not exactly with impatience, but with respectful interest, the concluding volume, because we know from Mr. Rutherford's treatment of the text of Thucydides how fearless he is in developing the critical inferences suggested by his research, and how completely he has divested himself of the paralysing virtue of reverence for his predecessors.

But it would confuse the reader, and give no trustworthy sample of these emendations as a whole, if we were to select a dozen or twenty and discuss them in isolation. It seems better to give a general account of the plan of this great undertaking. To begin with, we cannot think that Mr. Rutherford need have apologized for translating the Scholia—he has saved himself the trouble of writing many notes, and has invested his book with an outward appearance of completeness and uniformity which does but represent its inner character. But it is somewhat depressing—and we are not sure that the verdict is altogether correct—to find the editor declaring that "the value of the Scholia as a commentary directly illustrating the text of Aristophanes is quite insignificant." We may discount the opinion because he permits himself—whether quite seriously or in a fit of exasperation at some specially irritating specimen of muddled learning—to suggest a doubt whether any body of Notes contributes much to our literary enjoyment of a classical text. But we doubt whether he has really faced—though he does pronounce—the question whether our appreciation of the

allusions, of the social circumstances of the time, of the significance of the parodies, would be diminished if the Scholia of Aristophanes had never existed. He seems to think that our position would be just as good if we had to draw from the plays themselves our ideas of the time and the state of society. In the first place, how can he tell? How can he banish from his own mind the statements and the impressions which have already become part of his mental furniture? It is like a judge telling a jury to dismiss from their minds some bit of inadmissible evidence which a counsel has contrived to put in. That is an admonition which no jury has ever tried to obey, or could obey if it tried.

Mr. Rutherford, however, is not one of those ignorantly superior persons who underrate the attainments of the Scholiasts. In spite of their mistakes, their occasional denseness, and their frequent recklessness in conjecture, they must for the most part, he admits, have "excelled their contemporaries in knowledge and skill," nor can their intellectual training have been "wholly contemptible." Indeed, one of the objects which Mr. Rutherford has kept before him is to put himself into the mind of the annotators, to "see with their eyes and copy their methods." The process, we can well believe, was tedious and laborious, but it has been rewarded with "disclosures and revelations." Though the Scholia may be found unintelligible and even self-contradictory as a commentary on the text, though "every clause is a rickety sentence," and was anticipated by a different annotator, though quotations have been lost which gave point to a remark, yet what seems to be flat nonsense may become endowed with meaning when we realize that the author had before him an "unrecorded but certain variant." From this point of view the question of form is, as Mr. Rutherford shows, all important. Nothing, he goes on, is better fitted than a study of Scholia to show how precarious are all conclusions which depend merely on a collation of MSS. Here we may extract a specially interesting and suggestive passage from the Introduction—one that vindicates the liberty which the editor claims in dealing with traditional readings:—

"If it teaches him [the critical scholar] nothing else, it must teach him this—that in the matter of the transmission of the text of any great classic more was wont to happen in a century than is commonly supposed to have happened in the whole existence of the book. Familiarity with printing has made it difficult for us to realize the conditions attaching to the transmission of literature by handwriting. Within the last fifty years after any Greek book was produced, we may be sure that there happened to the author's text the same sort of accidents as those which, as every one knows, befel the text of Dante and the text of Chaucer in the like space of time. The book suffered little thereby in the estimation of the general reader. Textual imperfections, unless of a desperate kind, impair but slightly the literary charm of any great writer. Many of us, perhaps, would prefer to read Aristophanes, for instance, rather in an old edition full of textual blemishes than in some copy which the critics have tried to make immaculate. Nevertheless, a time comes when the danger is great that a text transmitted by handwriting will become unintelligible unless a critical recension of it is made. For some of the masterpieces of Greek literature this moment was doubtless approaching when the critical school of Alexandria took its rise. We may safely assume that the Alexandrine critical editions did, on the whole, come nearer to the author's own text than any of the common copies multiplied for the requirements of the book trade. The editors may have introduced not a few trivial novelties. Now and then they may have altered the text in order to carry out some convenient division of one book into many, or more rarely to gratify their own sense of the fitness of things. It seems probable, however, that they were, for the most part, critically honest in the use of their materials, and that, if an interpolation or a corruption were generally found in the copies used by them, they preserved it without question. The more recent and less well-established additions to the text were, no doubt, excised; the earlier were more firmly rooted."

Mr. Rutherford is somewhat contemptuous—perhaps unduly so—of "editors like Dindorf," who have

emended the text to square with Attic usages. If the MSS., for instance, read *Δημήτρα*, they at once alter it to *Δήμητρι*, without staying to ask "whether the rest of the comment presents any sign of an early or a late origin," though there was a time when *Δήμητρα* was the usual form. "We might as well attempt to rewrite Zosimus or Simocatta in the Attic manner as foist Attic forms upon Scholiasts." There is yet another class of emendations which are almost equally distasteful to our editor. He quotes an example on "Aves," 1694, *ἄλλως δὲ φάναι τῆς Χίου χωρίον καὶ Κλεφύδρα κρήνη ἐν Ἀργεῖ*. Here Dindorf, "after his manner," turns *Ἀργεῖ* into *Ἄκροπόλει*, while even Bentley proposes to read *ἄσπευ*, because in another note on the same passage it is rightly said *κρήνη ἐν Ἄκροπόλει ἢ Κλεφύδρα*. This, Mr. Rutherford says, is to contaminate Scholia, not to edit them. "For all we know, there may have been a well called Clepsydra in Argos." Since the time of Hemsterhuys he thinks that the best work on the Aristophanic Scholia has been done by Dobree. Though small in amount, it showed sagacity of a high order. After him, but with a long interval between, comes Franz Volkmar Fritzsche. Though "garrulous and fanciful" where Dobree is concise and sensible, he declared that the corpus of Scholia is a "jumble of notes, good, bad, and indifferent, thrown together at haphazard, twisted into odd shapes, cruelly mutilated, and rashly doctored."

The question of "form" being all important in the editor's eye, he has taken particular pains to make it clear, in his reproduction, in what shape the Scholia appear in the Codex. Following Martin's example, he has printed at the end of each the abbreviation *supr.*, *ext.*, *int.*, or *infr.*, according as it is written in the upper, the outer, the inner, or the under margin. One that was inserted between the proper Scholia margin and the text margin is marked as *intermarg. ex.* or *intermarg. int.* Those written against a line are marked with the number of the line, while the marks of erasures or expunction made by the scribes are duly reproduced. With these and numerous other typographical aids—afforded in a manner which reflects the greatest credit on the printer—the reader is enabled to form a judgment on the text almost as well as if he had the MS. before him. More than a thousand large pages are occupied, to the extent of two-thirds, with this minute and laborious reproduction, and we are enabled to form some conception of the physical as well as the intellectual strain undergone by the editor during his seven years of work from his statement that the mere task of penmanship has been done twice over throughout, and for more than half the book four times. No wonder that he gives breath to a sigh of satisfaction that this portion has at last been completed. But we have no doubt that he will consider himself amply recompensed with the gratitude of the learned world.

FICTION.

"An Engagement." By Sir Robert Peel, Bart. Westminster: Constable. 1896.

THIS story is so excellent that we hope Sir Robert Peel will not be encouraged by his success to attempt more ambitious work. He has produced a character sketch of the utmost delicacy and skill, where everybody is natural and charming, and which will be read with delight in spite of the thinnest and most obvious of plots. It was no mean feat to enlist our sympathies with a male jilt, and the girl who induces the jilting is always adorable throughout an utterly indefensible proceeding. The conversations are also a very strong point, and should encourage the author to turn his attention to the drama. His philosophy is not very profound, but it is expressed in a pretty, harum-scarum way, which is just what we should have expected from him. There is a sunny buoyancy about the book which would atone for many worse shortcomings.

"The Red Star." By L. McManus. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

Captain Pahlen had contracted a secret marriage, but when the Tsar ordered him to marry a Polish Countess, he did so, informing her of the facts imme-

diately after the ceremony. Then she dressed up as a boy, and became an aide-de-camp on Murat's staff, while Pahlen resumed his duties in the Russian army. Their adventures and encounters during the Moscow campaign are exciting, and of course they end by falling in love with each other, and Pahlen's first wife obligingly dies. But the Russians do not drink *wodhi*, and the aide-de-camp cannot have seemed "a mere *historical*, sobbing boy." And we protest against the title, which has nothing to do with the story, and is only mentioned once or twice as a symbol of the heroine's fate, which it is not.

"The Madonna of a Day: a Study." By Lily Dougall. London: R. Bentley & Son. 1896.

This book is a delightful oasis amid a wilderness of dreary novels. The author still has something to learn in the matter of construction and compression; but everything may be forgiven her for the creation of an original heroine. The "Madonna" is a new woman, but for the first time a fresh and charming one, and the moral of the story is that, for women at any rate, old-fashioned ways are best. She is deliciously riotous when starting across Canada, and enlists our sympathies at once. Then she steps off the train into the snow in her sleep, and we suffer all the tortures of breathless anxiety during her perilous adventures. She comes among dreadfully rough men, and only secures decent treatment by pretending to be very innocent and goody-goody. The way she acts this part is entrancing, and the way she explains the existence of her cigarette-case is a masterpiece. The narrative of her escape is quite thrilling, and we remember no more delightful transformation-scene than her sudden return to boisterous flippancy when at last she rejoins her friends. The effect of this on the dwarf, who had escorted her, is almost pathetic. He was a thoroughpaced rascal, but had been absolutely taken in by her affected sanctity—when he hears her joke about it all he loses all faith in human nature, and goes irretrievably to the dogs. There is a very fine passage when, under the influence of her spell of goodness, he refuses the gift of her diamond ring. But the dwarf's character would have been brought out better if he had not been endowed with an irritating and unnecessary lisp, which is not in keeping with his personality, and has no bearing on the story. The book contains a second tale, called "Rosemary for Remembrance," which almost surpasses the first in excellence. It has the sub-title, "A Girl's Portrait," but it gives us an admirable portrait of a man also, and illustrates the extremes of imagination and the absence thereof. A matter-of-fact Scotsman is trying to make up his mind whether he shall condescend to marry a sparkling Canadian girl. The way in which he patronizes and lectures her, without ever suspecting for an instant that she is making a great fool of him, keeps the reader in a chronic roar of delight. Much of the nonsense-talk is worthy of "Alice in Wonderland." Here is a specimen. It was at a picnic:—

"'Ernest deserted me for a girl in blue,' she said; 'and I found myself sitting by the broken fragments with a man who was urging me to walk with him; so I remarked, a little crossly, 'I suppose in Rome we must do as the Romans do.' He looked at me inquiringly for a minute, and then said earnestly, 'How do the Romans do?' I am sure I do not know how the Romans do. I have regretted ever since that I did not reply, 'Very well, I thank you.' That would have so completely confused the poor young man.'"

"'You ought not to enjoy making people uncomfortable in that way,' I said."

"The History of Godfrey Kinge." By W. Carlton Dawe. London: Ward & Downey. 1896.

"The Heart of a Mystery." By T. W. Speight. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1896.

"The History of Godfrey Kinge" would have been very popular fifty years ago. It is modelled closely upon Dickens, and imitates all that author's shortcomings without successfully emulating his humour or even his pinchbeck sentiment. For modern consumption it is far too long and complicated. Not one reader in a thousand will find time or patience to unravel the

tangled plot and assimilate all the impertinent dissertations. Need we say that Godfrey Kinge was an ideal little boy, courageous and charming beyond belief; that he was cheated out of his property by a cruel step-mother and a rascally attorney, who persecuted him with incredible brutality; and that "there was great rejoicing in Middlestoke when it was known that the Kinge had come to his own again." The names of the characters smack equally of Dickens. We have Mr. Darge, the rascally attorney; Mr. Sharpstone Practice, another man of law; Lord Crumpey; Mr. Groggles and Mr. Augustus Wobbles, and so forth. "What the Julius is to Cæsar," said Mr. Wobbles, "so is Augustus to me—a distinguishing mark, sir. The only fault I ever found with our immortal William, sir, was when he pretended that there was nothing in a name. Who for one moment could stand a Romeo called Slopkins?" And here is a specimen of Mr. Dawe's philosophy to show what Dickens and water is like: "Oh, thou man in blue, thou potent power, how mighty is thy reach, how absolute is thy sway! Thou sayest come, and we come; go, and we go. There is none like unto thee, thou helmeted divinity; there is no denying thee. Thy arm reaches to the four corners of the earth, and the sound of thy substantial tread startles the mystic shadows of the night, and fills the breast of the evil-doer with a great fear. Hail, thou oracle of these later (*sic*) days! thou emblem of fearful and mysterious power, all hail!" The old Dickens being no longer read in "these later days," there is evidently no room for a new Dickens or a Dickens up-to-date.

"The Heart of a Mystery" is also an old-fashioned book, and the mystery is neither new nor engaging. The mystery concerns the birth of a young woman, with the usual concomitants of forged certificates and dubious bank transactions. Nor does the author make his narrative any the more palatable by an unfortunate trick of posing questions to the reader whenever a crisis is imminent. This is the sort of thing: "He dropped the letter into the box. . . . Why was Mr. Hazeldine posting a letter to his son, whom he would probably see in the course of the evening?" Upon our word, we give it up. And exclamatory reflections are equally unnecessary and irritating. "'Yes, I had some special business to transact,' he said, 'and could not get done in time to catch the two o'clock train.' And yet he had spent nearly an hour mooning about the Strand!" Dear us! how perplexing!

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Memoirs of the Prince de Joinville." Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. London: William Heinemann. 1895.

IT is not easy to discover the motive of translations of this kind. Only a small class of readers can possibly be attracted to the stray memories of a second-rate French prince, and we imagine they would do better to make the acquaintance of Louis Philippe's third son in his own language. Lady Mary Loyd has done her work well, but the trivialities and unintelligent observations of Joinville are unduly emphasized in such a heavy tongue as ours. Joinville played but an unimportant part in the political world which was dominated by, or, to speak truly, itself dominated the Citizen King. He was a boy at school when the Revolution broke out which drove Charles X. from the throne and called his cousin to reign as a constitutional monarch. He gossips pleasantly of family dinner-parties, and attempts on his father's life. But his naval life soon took him away from Paris, and his account of events there is evidently often second-hand. When he talks about the countries he visited, Spain, Morocco, Turkey, and Mexico during the war, he is sprightly, but little more. He seems not to have had the power of receiving clear and memorable impressions, and we notice a typical example of this defect in his description of one episode in his life which was surely calculated to stir the most devoted disciple of levity. Joinville was sent by his father to bring Napoleon's body back from St. Helena. His tripping little reflections on the matter prove more convincingly than anything else what manner of man he was. It is not surprising to find that he has the deepest admiration for Meyerbeer:—"In 1836, on 28 February, I was present at the first performance of 'Les Huguenots,' an opera which enchanted me—a work of art which defied comparison." At one time in his life Joinville was on terms of intimate friendship with Thiers, but he was piqued at the Minister's investing Chabot with superior authority to his on the expedition to St. Helena; and from that day "had a sense of deep distrust, and a scanty esteem for his character." Joinville tries to get up a

little emotion over his father's deposition, but subsides into a peaceful lethargy at the close of his Memoirs. He seems to have thought, apart from family feeling, that a genuine Republic was preferable to a form of government which pretended to reconcile two opposite principles by putting handcuffs on them both. The book is accompanied by Joinville's own illustrations, which remind us very strongly of Thackeray's. When they do not aim at being more than humorous little scribbles, such as a clever child might produce, they are entertaining; but the ambitious ones, which strive to represent such difficult subjects as Turkish beauties and frigates at sea, are almost as distressing as Thackeray's sentimentally serious drawings.

"Under the Czar and Queen Victoria." By Jaakoff Prelooker. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1895.

Mr. Prelooker describes himself as a Russian reformer, and gives an account of his failure to convince the Russian Government of the excellence of his schemes, and the comfort of his life under Queen Victoria as compared with his experiences under the Tsar. His only complaint of England is that he met an English "LL.D." who "conversed with him in a friendly manner" one evening, and refused to acknowledge him in the street the next day. Since this incident "he has been honoured and befriended by English men and women of far higher rank and merit." Happy Prelooker! The book is worth reading if only on account of the writer's ingenuous vanity. He sees no humour in his patronage of Tolstoi; he prints puffs of his precious book about the Jews as material of the highest interest; he appeals in melodramatic language to the English people to help him, and to-morrow Russia will be free. When he is not babbling about his foundation of the New Israelites and his successes as a writer, Mr. Prelooker gives some really interesting information about Russian institutions and the present condition of unorthodox religious sects.

"Vignettes from Finland." By A. M. Clive Bayley. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1895.

Miss Bayley has spent twelve months in Finland, and the result is these "Vignettes"—a silly name enough—which are painstaking descriptions of Finland life, good, but in no wise remarkable. The first thing of interest we gather about Finns is their extraordinary gift of tongues. The political position of their country as a conquered dependency of Russia makes it necessary for them to have some knowledge of Russian. Swedish and Finnish come by nature, and trade acquaints them with German, French, and English. Then we learn for the first time that the name "Finns" applies only to the natives proper, while "Finlanders" are the descendants of other nations, chiefly Swedes, who have been settled in Finland for centuries. The Educational Code is lax, except in one particular. No one is allowed to marry until he or she can read. The small percentage of dunces shows either a desire for the married state, or an inherited predilection for education. Miss Bayley gossips about the absence of doctors, the abundance of strawberries, the hideous amount of advertisements at railway-stations. She gives the impression that as a nation the Finns are hardworking, refined, and literary, very different from the Laplanders with whom the ignorant confuse them. The book should be useful to those who intend visiting Finland.

"The Youth of Parnassus." By L. Pearsall Smith. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

This is the work of a thoughtful undergraduate. The academic walls which hedge in the story are high, and hard to climb. Before the end one longs for a breath of air from the outside world, for something to break the monotony of dreams in the "city of dreaming spires." Mr. Pearsall Smith knows his Oxford, and he knows that portion of humanity which vegetates and reads and takes frigid honours there, or lives and rows and takes none, as the case may be. He indulges in gentle sarcasms at the expense of the young Fellow, and describes the reactionary effect produced on an American by the Oxford atmosphere. That is all the story of "The Youth of Parnassus." The other stories in the book are equally slight. For a young writer the style is creditable, and commendably unpretentious. Altogether a book which gives a gentle pleasure, and exhibits a gentle talent.

We have also received Boccaccio's "Decameron," in 4 vols., with the most charming illustrations by Boucher and others, reproduced from the edition of 1757 (Gibbings); Thomas Shelton's (1612-1620) translation of "Don Quixote," illustrated by Frank Brangwyn, 4 vols. (Gibbings); "Guide to the Public Collections of Classical Antiquities in Rome," Vol. II., by Wolfgang Hiebig and Emil Reisch, translated by James F. and Findlay Muirhead (Leipzig: Karl Baedeker; London: Dulau); "Handbuch der Englischen Geschichte," von Blanche von Kübeck (Wien, Pest, Leipzig: Hartleben); "The Institutions of Italy," by John P. Coldstream (Arch. Constable); "The Mystery of the Cross," eight addresses on the Atonement, by the Rev. Winfrid O. Burrows, M.A. (Rivington); "Three Hours at the Cross," a manual for Good Friday, by the Rev. W. J. Hocking (Wells Gardner); "Ready, Aye, Ready," Sunday Afternoons at a Working-Man's Club," by V. Brooke-Hunt

(Wells Gardner); "Our Four-footed and Feathered Friends," by Albyn Mullory, illustrated by J. H. Shepherd ("Zigzag Sketches from the Zoo") (Jarrold); "The Little Green Man," by F. M. Allen, illustrated by Brinsley Le Fanu (Downey); "Heroines of Daily Life," by Frank Mundell (The Sunday School Union); "The History of North Atlantic Steam Navigation," by Henry Fry (Sampson Low); second edition of "A Handbook for Women engaged in Social and Political Work," edited by Helen Blackburn (Arrowsmith); "By Meadow and Stream," by the Amateur Angler (Sampson Low); "The Miners' Cup," by Nat Gould (Routledge); "The Edge of the World, some Fancies and Fairy Tales," by Annie Dawson, illustrated by Zoffany Oldfield (Unicorn Press); "A New Oarsman's Guide to the Rivers and Canals of Great Britain and Ireland," edited by F. E. Prothero and W. A. Clark (George Philip); "The Fat and the Thin" ("Le Ventre de Paris"), by Emile Zola, translated, with an Introduction, by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly (Chatto & Windus); "The American in Paris: a Biographical Novel of the Franco-Prussian War, the Siege and Commune of Paris, from an American Standpoint," by Eugene Coleman Savidge (Lippincott); "The Coin Collector," by W. Carew Hazlitt (Redway); "The Proverbial Philosophy of Confucius," compiled by Forster H. Jennings (Putnam); Part 8 of "The History of Mankind," by F. Ratzel (Macmillan); ninth edition of "Black's Guide to South Wales"; "Social Changes in England in the Sixteenth Century," Part I.—Rural Changes, by Edward P. Cheyney, A.M., Vol. IV., No. 2, in the Philology, Literature, and Archæology Publications of the Pennsylvania University (Ginn).

TWO PERIODICALS.

"BIBLIOGRAPHICA," which is nearing the self-appointed term of its existence, still maintains its high standard. Part XI. has some notable things in the way of reproductions of illustrations to Japanese books. Photo-lithography can never perfectly give the quality of a woodcut line; but in the absence of the originals these delicately coloured reproductions are very pleasant things to look at. The article accompanying them is by Professor Douglas. Dr. Garnett contributes some ingenious and suggestive remarks on the early Italian book-trade, and shows us what the reading public consisted of in the first years after printing was invented; how entirely men read for practical ends, scarcely at all for amusement. The essay is lightly written, but full of information. Mr. Pennell has an article which, it goes without saying, is on the illustrators of 1860; and there are some interesting reproductions of designs by Sandys and Millais. Let us hope that the appreciation of these fine things will not be impaired by Mr. Pennell's advocacy.

There are some charming things in a tiny, fantastic magazine which comes to us from San Francisco. It calls itself the "Lark." Its intention is merely to be gay, and it lives up to its name. Mr. Gelett Burgess, who, with Mr. Bruce Porter, appears to do nearly the whole affair, has remarkable gifts. His verse is fresh and pleasant, but his nonsense designs are quite delicious. We wish the "Lark," which has been singing for a year, a long life for its "blithe spirit."

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THE CLAIMS OF VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

Present controversy on the claims of Voluntary schools has had, at least, two indisputably good results. The public has clearly seen the extent and value of the Church's past services to elementary education; and the Church has learnt to measure her future task, and to take heart for it.

We write on behalf of a district which has claims upon the nation second to none, and in which the educational work of the Church is beset with such special difficulties that men's hearts may easily fail them in its contemplation.

The Diocese of Rochester contains, besides Chatham, Gravesend, &c., the whole area of South London—many miles of squalid tenements, closely packed with poor and struggling workers, far removed from the few districts in the Diocese which are able to give them help.

What the importance of the school is as a social, civic, and religious influence in such a region needs no telling; and whatever duty the Church has in regard to the schools must be here, at once, most urgent and most difficult.

The record of the past three years is that, under the stimulus of the well-known Circular of the Department, £125,000 has been given and spent by Churchmen in the diocese upon fabrics alone; and what were, in some cases, dingy, ill-ventilated buildings, have been transformed into bright and wholesome schools.

The task thus laid upon the Church was heavy, because she had been at work educating the poor long before any State aid was given—in some cases even in the last century—so the buildings were often antiquated, and that especially in parishes such as those on the river bank, which, because they were the oldest centres of population, had become the poorest.

This heavy work would have been impossible if the Diocesan Board of Education had not been able (besides much indirect aid and encouragement) to make grants which have amounted to £3,583.

Now, as to the future.

We need £1,000 to complete the work of defence and repair, by paying grants, which we have conditionally promised, and relieving managers who have pledged their private resources to architects and builders.

But we would fain also recover lost ground. In the panic after 1870 the Diocese lost about fifty schools (in the last thirteen years she has only lost three). We are inquiring into the condition and present use of these buildings. We hope to recover some of them. It would immensely assist us to do so if a few Churchmen would promise us a definite sum, upon which we could make a proportionate claim for every reopened school.

And then there is new ground. What that means, an hour or so spent in Battersea, Greenwich, Plumstead, and many other districts would quickly and vividly show, by the token of a vast acreage of newly sprung and ever-extending streets. It is not right that, in such neighbourhoods, all the parents should be forced to send their children to the Board schools for lack of Church schools, and it has been proved that many of them prefer Church schools, even where the premises are homely, and they only have tens, where the Board schools have hundreds, of children.

Since 1870, seventy-two new parishes have been formed in the Diocese, but only sixteen have been supplied with Church schools. This is not surprising, seeing that the Church and endowment have had to be provided. Some of the new parishes are now anxious to have schools, and in several cases sites are awaiting us if they can be promptly occupied. But Church schools can only be built in such districts by a large measure of central help and encouragement, and we should be thankful, indeed, if our Diocesan Board had a sum of £5,000, which it could turn to excellent account, by making loans on new school buildings. We ought to have as much more to make grants, given on condition that treble the amount is raised from other sources.

There is no doubt that we ought to ask to be entrusted with £11,000 for the work of the next five years.

Considering the scale and the importance of the work, is it too large a demand, or larger than the attitude which the Church has taken towards the Government and Parliament in the matter of her schools' entitles, or rather bids, us to make?

Are there not those who have made fortunes by the labours of South Londoners, or by the sale of their land to the speculative builder, who will recognize the debt which they owe, and make the Diocesan Board their almoner?

Contributions to this work will be gladly received by the Bishop of Rochester; by the Secretary of the Board, the Rev. A. W. Maplesden, The Church Institute, Upper Tooting; or by the Westminster Branch of the London and County Bank.

EDWARD ROFFEN.
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Bishop's House, Kennington:
16 March, 1896.

London Diocesan Board of Education.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF

OF THE

CHURCH SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

WE, the undersigned members and supporters of the London Diocesan Board of Education, appeal most earnestly to Churchmen, and to all who value the preservation of Christian Education in our Public Elementary Schools, for funds to enable the Diocesan Board to maintain in efficiency the work in which it has been engaged for more than half a century, and to place that work upon a more permanent financial footing.

We have every reason to expect that, during the coming year, Voluntary schools will receive from the Legislature, in some form or another, the assistance they both need and deserve. We are therefore anxious that the Schools dependent upon the Board for support may be in a position to take the utmost advantage of that relief.

There are many schools in the poorer parts of the Diocese which have long been maintained by the most praiseworthy exertions of Churchmen, in the face of the greatest difficulties and of severe pressure. The Diocesan Board has, from time to time, been compelled to undertake the financial management of twenty-two such schools, with fifty-six departments, and more than 13,000 children on the books, in order to give relief to the local managers, and so prevent their abandonment. The majority of these, and, indeed, of all our Church Schools, are among the most popular and efficient within the London School Board area; and to lose any of them would be little short of disastrous to the cause of religious education.

It has been carefully estimated that, to meet the present need, a sum of £6,000 is absolutely required. We therefore earnestly commend the London Diocesan Board and its work to the sympathy and liberal support of the Church-people of London; and we would impress upon them that, if liberal assistance is promptly forthcoming, the relief so given will be permanent in its effect.

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